

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 147

JULY, 1956

No. 881

RIGHT ROADS FOR BRITAIN?

Ronald Russell, M.P.

MY FINEST HOUR

John Verney

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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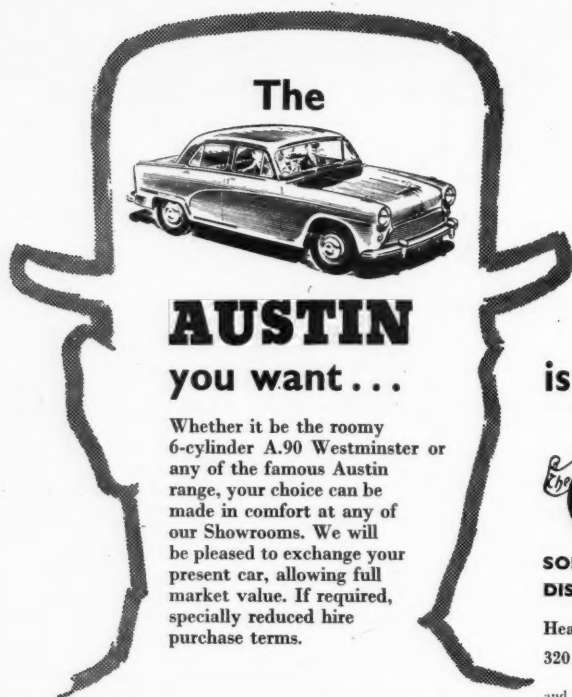
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DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

JOHN VERNEY, M.C.: Artist and author. In *Going to the Wars*, published earlier this year, he described some of his experiences as a soldier, including a parachute landing in Sardinia, followed by capture and escape.

ERIC GILLETT: Literary Editor, *The National and English Review*.

PROFESSOR N. H. GIBBS: Chichele Professor of the History of War in the University of Oxford since 1953.

ROGER FULFORD: Well-known historical writer. Has also been a journalist, a lecturer at London University, a Civil Servant, and a Liberal candidate on three occasions. Author of *Royal Dukes*, *George IV*, *The Prince Consort*, etc.

EARL OF CARDIGAN: Served R.A.S.C., 1939-45. Well-known motoring correspondent. Author of *Amateur Pilot*, *I Walked Alone*, *The Life and Loyalties of Thomas Bruce*, *Wardens of Savernake Forest*.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

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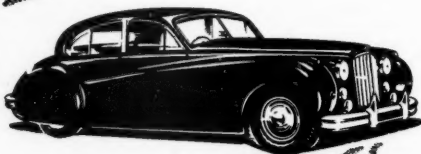
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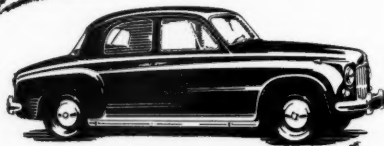
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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

AT the beginning of June President Eisenhower underwent an operation for ileitis, a disease of the intestine for which, according to the best medical evidence, there is no certain cure. The diagnosis of this further serious ailment in a man who has already had a major heart attack might be thought to answer decisively the question whether or not the President should run for a second term. But the Republican Party bosses are so convinced that they cannot win without Eisenhower that they are prepared to sacrifice all logic and patriotism—indeed to sacrifice the man himself—to their ambition. Even doctors have not shrunk from asserting that their patient will be quite fit for the rigours of an electoral campaign and of four more years in the world's most exacting office. The point has been reached at which scientific casuistry and political humbug are almost indistinguishable.

We can only put forward with redoubled emphasis the view that it would be criminal folly for Mr. Eisenhower to run again. Of course he must himself decide, but those who are now advising him cannot in conscience put the whole burden upon him, and history will not allow them to do so. A man in his middle sixties, recovering with difficulty from two severe shocks to his physical system, is not in the moral sense completely responsible for his own actions; and this is all the more true when the man in question is surrounded by all the apparatus of modern publicity and subject to the most extraordinary pressure. The drama which is now unfolding in the United States has a quality of gruesomeness which has seldom before been seen. It may end in a disaster which would not be confined to the United States, but would affect the whole future of the world. It may be that the President will after all, in spite of sinister indications to the contrary, decide to withdraw. It may be that, even if he does not so decide, the American people will have the wisdom not to vote for a dangerously sick man, however beloved. But democracy does not always act in its own best interests, and its leaders have a special duty to ensure that the choice presented to it is a fair one and fraught with no unnecessary hazard.

To the outside observer, the case for Mr. Eisenhower's withdrawal is made all the stronger by the fact that Mr. Adlai Stevenson's chances of securing the Democratic nomination are now much better than they

seemed to be after the Minnesota primary. The great popular vote which he obtained in 1952—substantially larger than that which had carried Mr. Truman to victory in 1948—suggests that he would be elected against any Republican candidate other than Mr. Eisenhower; and his qualifications for the office of President, as an international statesman at least, appear to be more impressive than those of his rivals in either Party. It is to be hoped that his chances will not be blighted either by the selfish partisanship of the Republicans or by the jealousy and incomprehension of his fellow-Democrats. In the event he might be a disappointment in the supreme position; we in Britain know that promising aspirants are not always successful when they reach the summit. But on his performance to date it would seem that he deserves a fair trial. It is quite certain that the free world cannot afford to have a weak or inadequate man in the White House.

Tonbridge

IN Britain too, although the present Parliament is still young, electoral interest has been stirred to the depths by the Tonbridge by-election. In this a good Conservative candidate only just managed, by the skin of his teeth, to retain what would normally be regarded as a safe Conservative seat. When every allowance has been made for a few special factors in the case, this remains a startling demonstration of public dissatisfaction with the Government. Nor was it merely a question of Tories abstaining; there is reason to believe that quite a number voted Socialist—a tendency which, if repeated on anything like the same scale at a general election, would produce a Labour landslide of 1945 proportions.

The Tonbridge result has already caused much heart-searching within the Tory Party, and the conclusion most often drawn is that the Government has not done enough for the "middle classes" and that it is in danger of losing their support. It is certainly undeniable that professional people, and such as have to live upon fixed incomes, are those who suffer most acutely from the present combination of Welfare State and Cold War finance. The Government must not be afraid of unpopularity while it still has several years of its term in hand, but it must be very careful not to incur unpopularity for the wrong reasons. From this point of view Tonbridge is a warning which cannot be taken too seriously.

Better Trade Figures

LAST month we remarked on the disappointing inertia of the trade returns for March and April and argued that Ministers ought to be gravely concerned at the little effect their anti-inflationary policy seemed to be exerting upon the figures for imports and exports. The recently published results for May are, however, very much better. Even allowing for certain exceptional and non-recurring features in its content the record

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

figure of £288 million for exports is encouraging, and with imports still virtually static, allowing for the longer month, the current trade deficit has been nearly halved. There is thus clear evidence that the trend which the Government desired to encourage has in fact been set in motion, and provided no unforeseen catastrophe comes along to upset it, like the dock strike last year, there should be a good chance of our surviving the late summer and autumn without a balance of payments crisis, and perhaps even with a continued improvement. In other words, the Government has secured a breathing-space. How long this will last depends on whether another round of wage increases further damages our competitive position, and also to what extent the economy can be made to provide resources which will find their way into productive investment in industry.

Macmillan and Building Control

PRODUCTIVE " is the touchstone. We argued last month that too large a share of the nation's resources is currently going into inessential building, and canvassed the need for a form of selective control. Since then the Chancellor has replied to a question in the House on this issue and his reply is worthy of comment. When he admitted that "it might be useful to have this weapon in our armoury" he clearly meant to test the reactions from both sides, and his words provoked far less ridicule from the Opposition, and far less dismay from his own supporters, than might have been expected in view of the official party attitudes to controls. But he gave no hint of any intention of finding time for the necessary legislation. Very likely this is because he is advised that the twofold process of passing legislation and implementing the controls by administrative action would take too long to produce the required "emergency" effect. This, however, is an added argument for the Government's taking the powers without too much delay and holding them in reserve for swift action if it becomes necessary to curb a future boom in investment.

Premium Bonds

THE general public is less interested in the game of politics, as played in the House of Commons, than in the broader questions of policy to which M.P.s from time to time address themselves. One such question is Mr. Macmillan's Premium Bond proposal, which was discussed on June 18th. Whether or not this scheme will produce a rapid expansion in the volume of small savings remains to be seen; what is certain is that it establishes a precedent which future Chancellors of the Exchequer will be wise to follow. The moral objections to the idea of State lotteries and lucky numbers are utterly unconvincing, and belong to the tradition of Puritanism which dies very hard in the United Kingdom. That the Archbishop of Canterbury should have associated himself with this humbug is

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Sudden Interest in Freedom

ANOTHER point to watch is that the Socialists are now showing a greater interest in the subject of individual freedom than they have ever shown in the past. No doubt they now recognize that in the public mind they have a well-earned reputation for indifference to personal rights, when these have come into conflict with Socialist theory or State planning, and they are understandably anxious to give a better impression of themselves to people who genuinely care about freedom.

On June 8th Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn initiated a debate in the House of Commons on "the public relations of public authorities". No one could accuse Mr. Benn himself of conscious hypocrisy; he is one of the ablest and most sincere of the younger Socialist politicians, and he comes from a family which has practised, and in one case vigorously preached, the doctrine of individualism. But at the outset of his witty and penetrating speech he was careful to say:

I shall begin by dealing with one answer which might be advanced to this Motion. That is the answer that the only way to deal with the problem is

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to cut down the area of public responsibility, to denationalize and cut down the work of Government Departments. *Obviously, I do not take that view . . .* [our italics].

The word "obviously" is arresting. Mr. Benn also inserted in his Motion the words "within the framework of existing policy"—implying that the rights of the citizen could not be made the subject of any major change in Government policy. This self-imposed rigidity of approach was the only defect in an otherwise valuable speech, but it is typical of the Labour Party to-day, and it should not be overlooked.

Ominous Pamphlet

WHILE it is possible to applaud, with reservations, the attempts of individual Socialists to reconcile their ideology with their belief in the value of personal freedom, the official Labour Party policy statement, "Personal Freedom", which was published (price ninepence) on June 18th, can only be described as a lamentable document. "Our Socialist view," it asserts, "is that freedom and equality are inseparable." Most people would acknowledge, with a greater or lesser degree of regret, that the two are irreconcilable. "Extreme contrasts between wealth and poverty are of themselves morally intolerable and obstacles to freedom." This is simply not true. Poverty is indeed an obstacle to freedom, and it should be one of the foremost aims of any civilized State to remove it. But wealth does not necessarily presuppose poverty, nor is the contrast between different levels of wealth in any sense "morally intolerable". (It may be socially intolerable to jealous and class-conscious people, but that is another matter.) The right to earn, to enjoy and to bequeath wealth is a basic human freedom, which the Labour Party seems unable to recognize. Family feeling, and the traditionalist urges which accompany it, may be offensive to the Socialist conscience, but they are a vital and irrepressible part of human nature, without which many of the best things in our society would never have been created or sustained.

Spotlight on the Trade Unions

OBVIOUSLY" (as Mr. Benn would say) the Labour Party pamphlet on personal freedom steers well clear of the trade union aspect of the matter, which in a non-partisan publication might almost have been given pride of place. This omission is to a large extent repaired by Mr. Sydney Jacobson and Mr. William Connor ("Cassandra") of the *Daily Mirror*, whose spotlight pamphlet on the trade unions (*Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd.*, price threepence) is both informative and courageous. None of the big issues is shirked: restrictive practices, unofficial strikes, "sending to Coventry", Communist infiltration, trade union finance, the attitude of trade unionists towards Parliament and the Law—all these

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controversial matters are frankly considered, and a number of sweeping changes are suggested.

In particular the authors suggest that wider powers should be given to the T.U.C., but they add the unfortunate rider: "It may well be that a truly-centralized directing body for the trade union movement can only come about under a Socialist Government administering a nationally-planned economy." This foreshadows the corporative State, and points the trade union movement in precisely the wrong direction. Eventually there can be no doubt that British trade unionism should go out of party politics altogether. This process cannot and should not be unduly rushed, but it would certainly be disastrous if the partisan affiliations of the trade unions were to be given new life and strength in the years ahead.

The Lords and the Silverman Bill

DURING July the Silverman Bill to abolish capital punishment will make its appearance in the House of Lords, and the Second Chamber will be given a chance to debate this measure in a truly objective spirit. It is to be hoped that there will be no ghoulish evocations of the horror of

would produce a Labour landslide of 1945 proportions.

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RIGHT ROADS FOR BRITAIN?

By RONALD RUSSELL, M.P.

LOOKING back over the past twenty or thirty years it is quite clear that we have been hopelessly backward and unimaginative in our attitude to road traffic in this country. We have watched the number of cars, vans and lorries multiply at an increasing rate and have done next to nothing, except perhaps in greater London, to build new and better roads to avoid the inevitable congestion. We have failed to grasp the fact that time wasted by lorries and their drivers, and

thirty years. Why? Either our road engineers were out of date or our local authorities lacked vision.

Last summer I had experience of fast travel out of New York by the newly built tunnels under the Hudson River and along roads like the Jersey Parkway, with its dual carriageway, easy gradients, gentle curves and absence of slow traffic, cyclists or pedestrians. Last month, thanks to the enterprise of the Roads Campaign Council, I was able to see for myself, with other col-

passing legislation and implementing the controls by administrative action would take too long to produce the required "emergency" effect. This, however, is an added argument for the Government's taking the powers without too much delay and holding them in reserve for swift action if it becomes necessary to curb a future boom in investment.

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The word "obviously" is arresting. Mr. Benn also inserted in his Motion the words "within the framework of existing policy"—implying that the rights of the citizen could not be made the subject of any major change in Government policy. This self-imposed rigidity of approach was the only defect in an otherwise valuable speech, but it is typical of the Labour Party to-day, and it should not be overlooked.

Ominous Pamphlet

WHILE it is possible to applaud, with reservations, the attempts of individual Socialists to reconcile their ideology with their belief in the value of personal freedom, the official Labour Party policy statement, "Personal Freedom", which was published (price ninepence) on June 18th, can only be described as a lamentable document. "Our Socialist view," it asserts, "is that freedom and equality are inseparable." Most people would acknowledge, with a greater or lesser degree of regret, that the two are irreconcilable. "Extreme contrasts between wealth and poverty are of themselves morally intolerable and obstacles to freedom." This is simply not true. Poverty is indeed an obstacle to freedom, and it should be one of the foremost aims of any civilized State to remove it. But wealth does not necessarily presuppose poverty, nor is the contrast between different levels of wealth in any sense "morally intolerable". (It may be socially intolerable to jealous and class-conscious people, but that is another matter.) The right to earn, to enjoy *and to bequeath* wealth is a basic human freedom, which the Labour Party seems unable to recognize. Family feeling, and the traditionalist urges which accompany it, may be offensive to the Socialist conscience, but they are a vital and irrepressible part of human nature, without which many of the best things in our society would never have been created or sustained.

Spotlight on the Trade Unions

"OBVIOUSLY" (as Mr. Benn would say) the Labour Party pamphlet on personal freedom steers well clear of the trade union aspect of the matter, which in a non-partisan publication might almost have been given pride of place. This omission is to a large extent repaired by Mr. Sydney Jacobson and Mr. William Connor ("Cassandra") of the *Daily Mirror*, whose spotlight pamphlet on the trade unions (Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd., price threepence) is both informative and courageous. None of the big issues is shirked: restrictive practices, unofficial strikes, "sending to Coventry", Communist infiltration, trade union finance, the attitude of trade unionists towards Parliament and the Law—all these

controversial matters are frankly considered, and a number of sweeping changes are suggested.

In particular the authors suggest that wider powers should be given to the T.U.C., but they add the unfortunate rider: "It may well be that a truly-centralized directing body for the trade union movement can only come about under a Socialist Government administering a nationally-planned economy." This foreshadows the corporative State, and points the trade union movement in precisely the wrong direction. Eventually there can be no doubt that British trade unionism should go out of party politics altogether. This process cannot and should not be unduly rushed, but it would certainly be disastrous if the partisan affiliations of the trade unions were to be given new life and strength in the years ahead.

The Lords and the Silverman Bill

DURING July the Silverman Bill to abolish capital punishment will make its appearance in the House of Lords, and the Second Chamber will be given a chance to debate this measure in a truly objective spirit. It is to be hoped that there will be no ghoulish evocations of the horror of violent crime, because these are clearly quite irrelevant and only designed to stimulate an emotional reaction. Everyone in his right senses loathes murder and longs to deter potential murderers; but the mere recitation of what has happened under the existing penal system does not prove that under another the scale of violence would be increased. The evidence, indeed, very strongly suggests that this would not occur, and the Lords must ask themselves: Is it right to maintain a barbarous and degrading form of punishment, which usurps the function of the Almighty, when there is no good reason to suppose that it acts as a deterrent to violent criminals and even some reason to suppose that it may act as an attraction to diseased and psychopathic minds?

The Lords will also be wise to consider their constitutional position. The Silverman Bill has now been passed, almost without amendment, by the House of Commons. If the Lords were to throw it out *in toto*, or to insist on some wrecking amendment (which would be tantamount to throwing it out), they would be making the mistake of their lives. They might think that public opinion was with them, but their rejection of a Bill passed by a majority in the elected Chamber, acting conscientiously and not as party hacks, would redound to their lasting discredit. During the period after 1945 Lord Salisbury rightly advised the House of Lords to act as a Council of State and not to try and frustrate the manifest intention of the House of Commons. He should give the same advice in relation to the Silverman Bill.

RIGHT ROADS FOR BRITAIN?

By RONALD RUSSELL, M.P.

LOOKING back over the past twenty or thirty years it is quite clear that we have been hopelessly backward and unimaginative in our attitude to road traffic in this country. We have watched the number of cars, vans and lorries multiply at an increasing rate and have done next to nothing, except perhaps in greater London, to build new and better roads to avoid the inevitable congestion. We have failed to grasp the fact that time wasted by lorries and their drivers, and business men and their chauffeurs, to say nothing of the owner-driver, and the wear and tear caused by constant braking and gear-changing, is money wasted and adds to the cost of manufactures and commodities. We have only just realized, all too slowly, that dual carriageways which are barred to both cyclists and pedestrians greatly lessen the danger of accidents. As a result of this neglect we are years behind not only the Americans, which is not surprising, but the Germans and the Dutch, and even the French, in laying down a road system adequate for the traffic it has to bear.

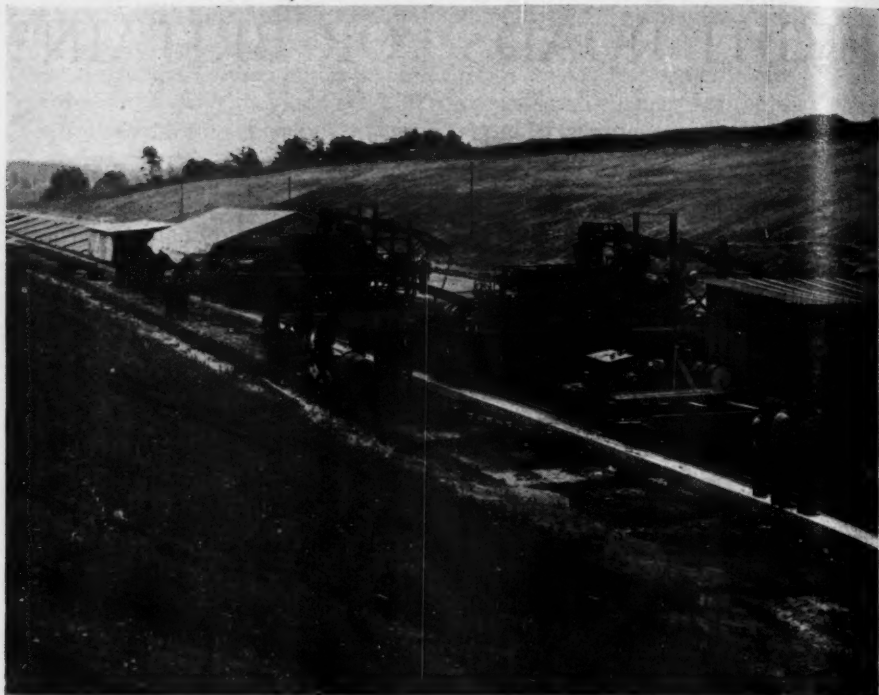
Since the war I have often motored from the centre of Paris to Le Bourget airport and through many of the underpasses which take the ring-road round the north of Paris under the roads which cross it. There is also an underpass on the left embankment of the Seine, and another at the Avenue Foch entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. Yet not a single underpass or overpass speeds the flow of traffic on the North Circular Road or any of the by-passes built in the London area in the past

thirty years. Why? Either our road engineers were out of date or our local authorities lacked vision.

Last summer I had experience of fast travel out of New York by the newly built tunnels under the Hudson River and along roads like the Jersey Parkway, with its dual carriageway, easy gradients, gentle curves and absence of slow traffic, cyclists or pedestrians. Last month, thanks to the enterprise of the Roads Campaign Council, I was able to see for myself, with other colleagues from the House of Commons, the great benefits the Germans and the Dutch have gained from their networks of motorways, built partly before and partly after the war, and being added to year by year despite post-war economic difficulties.

Incidentally, the German *autobahnen* were not the child of Hitler's brain, as many people imagine. They were first thought of long before anyone thought of Hitler as Chancellor, and the earliest motorway, from Cologne to Bonn, was begun in 1932, the year before he came to power. But his government supplied the drive and the organization which resulted in the building of 2,400 miles of motorway between 1934 and the outbreak of war.

Of this, 1,300 miles are in what is now the German Federal Republic. This network of dual carriageway without a solitary traffic light, roundabout, pedestrian crossing, or any intersecting traffic, links up all the leading German cities except Hamburg, which for some reason was only connected to Bremen. Now the gaps in the system, some of which are due to



ROAD-MAKING MACHINERY AT WORK IN GERMANY.

Photograph: British Road Federation.

the fact that the trend of traffic is now north-south instead of east-west as in pre-war Germany, are steadily being filled in under a ten-year plan. Western Germany, whose population is roughly the same as ours, is spending about £32 million on new roads this year, of which nearly two-thirds will be on *autobahnen*. She plans to spend nearly double this sum next year, but parliamentary approval for that has yet to be given. The total mileage of *autobahnen* planned for the ten years is 1,245 and the cost 5.5 milliard marks or about £500 million. Add to this the cost of improving 7,500 miles of existing highway, which is estimated at £950 million, and the total is no less than £1,450 millions, all to be financed out of the budget revenue. Compared with this Britain plans to spend a mere £147 million in the five years 1955-9.

Yet we start well behind and are already in arrears even with this programme.

In Holland there are now 137 miles of motorways with double carriageway, and 140 miles are under construction. Another 600 are planned. This year the Dutch will spend 94 million guilders (about £9,400,000) on new roads.

As for the actual construction, the machinery and the method used in Western Germany make some of our road-building at home look like a child playing with a bucket and spade. Near Soltau, south of Hamburg, we saw part of the Hamburg-Hanover *autobahn* being constructed. It was like a military operation—the mixing, laying and pressing-down of the concrete all done by machines crawling forward millimetre by millimetre on rails the width of one carriageway. The whole equipment costs about

RIGHT ROADS FOR BRITAIN?



A TYPICAL ENGLISH TRAFFIC JAM.

Photograph: British Road Federation.

£100,000 and between 50 and 120 men are employed in operating it and in carrying out some work by hand. By this method, six kilometres of dual carriageway—altogether 98 feet wide with the centre strip—are laid in four months, slightly less than a mile a month. Compare this with the snail's pace of 18 months for the mile-long Markyate by-pass! Clearly, of course, it would be uneconomic to employ machinery of that kind on so short a stretch. But we ought to make full use of it on the new London-Yorkshire motorway, even on the sixteen miles St. Albans by-pass which is part of that road. Nor have the Germans any advantage in the actual cost of construction. They estimate about £375,000 per mile for future *autobahnen*, compared with about £300,000 per mile over here, including, in both countries, the cost of

acquiring land.

What benefits have resulted from this system of motorway? In Western Germany, for example, a lorry and its inevitable trailer can keep up an average of, say, 30–35 miles per hour for miles on end without being stopped or even checked except possibly by other traffic travelling in the same direction. A car can average whatever its engine is capable of without the slightest danger, especially on those lengths which have a continuous parking strip alongside each carriageway and so minimize the chance of obstruction by vehicles breaking down.

In Holland, tests have been made to show the advantages of motorways which now connect not only Amsterdam, the Hague and Rotterdam, the three largest cities, but many smaller ones as well. From Amsterdam to

Utrecht, for instance, used to be 23.6 miles. By motorway it is now 19.8 miles. A lorry which used to take, say, 58 minutes on the old road, now does the journey in 36 and uses one-third of a gallon less petrol, although at a faster average speed. A private car takes 26 minutes, saving 20 minutes and one-fifth of a gallon compared with the old road, and a van 30 minutes, saving 21 minutes and a quarter of a gallon. By contrast, on how many roads leading out of London can 20 miles be covered in an hour except in the middle of the night?

Not only are time and petrol saved, but the life of the vehicle is prolonged. The Germans estimate that motorways reduce running costs by 30 per cent. and wear and tear by 35 per cent. Added to the saving of time this must mean a very worthwhile reduction in transport costs which is difficult to estimate but which is obviously reflected in the national economy as a whole.

A word about accidents. The number killed on the roads of Western Germany every year average 11,000—more than twice our toll at home. But on the *autobahnen* the number of accidents—not the number of casualties—is only 30–35 per cent. of that on regular main roads. This is not surprising with dual carriageways, no pedestrians, no cyclists, and nothing to cause a stop or even a slow-up except traffic travelling in the same direction. Experience in Holland is the same. So here is another reason for pressing on with motorways at home.

At long last the powers that be are aware of the need for better and faster

roads, though not so much of the urgency in building them in view of the steady increase in traffic. But we are a long way from agreeing on a solution of the much more difficult problem of fast roads in and out of large cities. That will mean some sacrifice of amenity, and the opposition to that is always fierce as was shown on the now defunct proposal to build garages under London squares. Here the Germans have no problem, as although the number of vehicles per mile—over 17—is slightly less than in Britain, they seem to use their cars much less than we do, especially for going to and from work. For solving that difficulty we shall have to look across the Atlantic, where roads on stilts, as it were, over built-up areas may not be æsthetic but at least prevent long traffic blocks. Meanwhile there is much that we can do in small ways to ease the problem at home—by making more one-way streets, even at the cost of longer journeys, thus saving intersections which are the main cause of congestion, and by narrowing unnecessarily broad pavements so as to widen the carriageway or make space for parking. But we must press on with all kinds of improvements. If we are in earnest about reducing costs, and if traffic is not to be brought virtually to a standstill in a few years' time, it is not a question of can we afford motorways and other improvements, but can we afford *not* to have them? The answer is 'no', and the sooner we all realize it, the better.

RONALD RUSSELL.

TORYISM AFTER 1960

II. ELECTORAL IMPLICATIONS

By CHARLES CURRAN

WHICH way shall the Tory Party travel in the 1960's?

In the June number of *The National and English Review*, Charles Curran defined the Tory goal after 1960 as the abolition of poverty. Toryism, he wrote, must become the party of the productive revolution that will make the Welfare State unnecessary—by lifting every citizen to the level where he will no longer need it (or vote for it).

As the Welfare State withers away, Toryism must proclaim its belief in the cult of the individual. Its duty must be to help the citizen to protect himself against all the concentrations of power—capitalist, trade union, bureaucratic. It must make the Rule of Law the master of all the parallel jurisdictions—the administrative tribunals, the trade courts, the trade union committees. It must tolerate no sanctions outside the reach of the Rule of Law. The Tory Party must demand Privilege for All.

In the following article, Mr. Curran examines some of the electoral implications of this policy.

1. The Struldbrug Shadow

When Gulliver travelled to the island of Luggnagg he met the Struldbugs. They were the men and women who never died. Each of them was born with the mark of immortality—a spot on the forehead that turned black, and became as big as a shilling. The mortal inhabitants of Luggnagg told Gulliver that the Struldbugs were “opinionated peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative.” As soon as a Struldbug reached the age of eighty he or she was treated as legally dead, apart from a maintenance grant. “Otherwise,” said Gulliver, “these immortals would

in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power.”

Britain is beginning to look like Luggnagg. From 1960 onwards, the Struldbugs will cast their shadow further and further across our politics.

In 1954 we had 4,660,000 women above the pensionable age of sixty. In 1964 there will be 5,330,000; and the number will go on rising until, in 1979, it will reach an estimated 6,170,000. Old men, too, will multiply—though not so fast. In 1954 there were 2,230,000 of them above the pensionable age of sixty-five; in 1964 there will be 2,430,000. By 1979, it is estimated, there will be 3,330,000.

That is to say, by the mid-1960's the pensioners will total seven and three-quarter million votes—nearly one-quarter of the entire electorate. This proportion will go on growing; for while the elderly multiply the children dwindle. (In 1954 the boys and girls under fifteen totalled 11,200,000; by 1964 they will fall to 10,700,000—a drop of half a million in a decade.)

Even these figures may not give the full measure of the Struldbug shadow. For the possibilities of medicated survival are great, and so are the profits. The doctors may discover still more ways of delaying death. But whether they do or not, Britain after 1960 will have a higher proportion of elderly citizens than ever before in her history. This fact will alter our patterns of spending, consumption, entertainment, newspaper-reading, our whole social climate. (Already the rising age-level may be one reason for the sudden slump in what Fleet Street calls cheesecake—the type of journalism that thrives by

stressing the truth that there is a whole sex consisting entirely of women, all young, nubile and curved like scenic railways.)

2. The Pensions Lobby

The pensioner vote will be both an asset and a menace to the Tory Party. An asset—because it will form a natural breakwater, growing like a coral reef, against disruption and upheaval. A menace—because it can become an electoral Klondyke for gold-rush demagogues seeking those seven and three-quarter million nuggets.

We must block the Yukon road. We must prevent a pensions lobby from emerging here (there are signs of it already). Unless we do, we may be plagued in the 1960's by British versions of the Sixty Dollars A Week At Sixty Plan and the other variants of demagogues for dotards that Mr. Upton Sinclair and his fellow-travellers on the Yukon trail have exploited in California and Florida. Our aim must be to get pensions out of politics as far (and as fast) as we can. How?

We must make the State pension marginal, not primary. It is largely that already. About four-fifths of the people now reaching retirement age draw pensions or superannuation from their employers, or from insurance policies, or from both (in addition to their State pensions). Here is our way out. We must foster those non-political pensions in every way possible; by extending them throughout the nationalized industries, for instance; by tax concessions; by making it easy to transfer accrued rights from one job to another. (Unless we do this last, industrial pensions will choke industrial mobility, and the damage will be greater than the gain.)

We must encourage every citizen to look for support in old age primarily from his job and his savings, not from

the taxes. We must urge him to seek security in his sixties primarily as a worker, not as a voter.

The more we expand non-political pensions, the more we reduce the risks of demagoguery. We also expand the vested interests in the electorate that have a stake in stable money. As things now are, the trade unionist is able very largely to by-pass inflation—by industrial pressure before he retires, and by political pressure afterwards. But the non-political pensioner cannot by-pass inflation; he has a personal reason for resisting it throughout his working life.

To achieve our aim of No More Poverty, we must liberate the young, the active, the enterprising. An important part of the liberation process is to break up any electoral bloc that may impede it. The pensioners' bloc is one.

3. Wanted : A Wyndham

But it is not the only one. There is another—far bigger, far more formidable. This is the tenants' bloc.

There are in this country six million dwellings, all privately owned, with rents that are frozen by law—some at the 1939 level, some at the 1920 level. Each of these six million tenants is, in fact, given a subsidy extracted by Parliament from his landlord's pockets. There are also more than three million dwellings owned by local authorities and let at uneconomic rents; each tenant here enjoys a subsidy extracted by Parliament from the taxpayer's pockets. Frozen rents and subsidized rents have both lasted so long that they are now taken for granted.

Now rent restriction is justifiable only when there is a shortage. Rent subsidies are justifiable only when there is poverty. It is the business of Toryism to end both shortage and poverty, then to restore the free market. How long before we can start doing that? How

long before 300,000 houses a year bring the supply level with the demand? How long before the rising national minimum makes subsidies superfluous?

Both are matters for anxious calculation. It will be easier to do the job piecemeal, and to tackle rent restriction first. But every move there towards restoring the free market will be politically explosive—it is idle to suppose otherwise. How can we limit the blast?

We should look at the possibility of restoring the free markets by regions, instead of nationally; or of doing it by layers, releasing first the houses above a valuation datum; or a combination of the two.

But I should like to see us go further—and to ease the shock by a house-purchase policy on far bolder lines than anything we have contemplated so far. We need something like the sweeping stroke whereby Arthur Balfour and George Wyndham liquidated Irish landlordism half a century ago and replaced it by a property-owning democracy.

In essence, the Balfour-Wyndham policy was to give the tenant a title to his land simply by continuing to pay his rent. It dealt not with single holdings, but with entire estates. When a price had been agreed between a landlord and his tenants, the State added 12 per cent. to it, bought out the landlord and paid him in stock. The tenant was not required to raise any capital sum at all. He stayed where he was, went on paying no more than before. But each payment in future went towards ownership.

The difficulties in the path of a similar policy in Great Britain are, of course, enormous. But we cannot remain satisfied, I think, with our policy hitherto—encouraging house-ownership, but leaving the initiative to the purchaser; we must ourselves take the initiative if we can. For the breaking-

up of the great blocks of small property now owned for profit in our industrial towns; the sale of houses and shops now held on lease from the Crown, the Church Commissioners, and public corporations; the ultimate liquidation of the subsidized tenant—all this would transform our whole political climate. It would revolutionize our politics municipally as well as nationally. It would call into existence a vast new electoral interest for the Tory Party.

The difficulties, I repeat, are enormous. Not least is the need to avoid creating fresh obstacles to industrial mobility (a need that might perhaps lead us towards Housing Exchanges analogous to Labour Exchanges). But since we must, in any event, enter the housing jungle very soon and face the electoral wild beasts that inhabit it, we might well seek safety in audacity.

4. The Politics of Coal

Nationalization has turned coal, transport, gas and electricity into the rogue elephants of industrial Britain. Each of them has been freed from the brutal goad of bankruptcy. Each inhabits an economic vacuum from which profit-and-loss accountability has been banished. Each fixes wages—and therefore prices—in response to trade union pressure alone. There is no countervailing power, for the consumer is bound, and Parliament is gagged.

Clearly, the administrative zoo built by the Socialists for these four is a public nuisance, and a public danger. It cannot be allowed to stand. Since Parliamentary control of the nationalized monopolies is a fiction, it might be desirable formally to abandon it, and to move towards independent companies modelled on Anglo-Persian Oil, where the State holds the controlling shares but does not interfere. Independence seems to be the only way to accountability.

The disastrous mess of the coal monopoly will be reduced, no doubt, by oil imports and by the gradual growth of atomic power. I shall not attempt to examine the rate of speed. But I want to glance at the political implications, which are very great.

Politically, the decline of coal will tell in favour of the Tory Party. For half a century the coalfields have supplied British Socialism with its hard core and its electoral base. Election after election, they go on returning the bloc of M.P.s, numbering between fifty and sixty, who belong to the Miners' Union, or who hold their seats by its grace and favour. No matter what happens to Socialism elsewhere in this country, the coalfields bloc remains unbroken.

There has been nothing like it in our politics since the Irish Nationalists left Westminster. These coalfields constituencies are pocket boroughs in the classic, 18th century sense. They belong outright to the rulers of the Miners' Union. By contrast to these gentlemen, the Duke of Newcastle was a bungling amateur. Even at his zenith, His Grace never controlled a Parliamentary squad anywhere near the size of the coalfields bloc.

Propaganda cannot break it. Only a productive revolution can do that. And the sooner the better.

5. The Tory Leadership

In Britain after 1960, as the national level rises and the groups from which Socialism has drawn mass support disappear, the Tory Party's public face will need attention. One feature of it calls for plastic surgery.

Ever since Disraeli's household suffrage created the mass electorate in 1867, Toryism has had this peculiarity. We have been a mass party, drawing our votes from all classes, but our leadership from one class only. From

Disraeli and Salisbury to Churchill and Eden, every Tory Cabinet has been predominantly upper class. Rare exceptions apart (Disraeli was one), its members have been drawn from the quadrilateral of public school, Oxbridge, land ownership and industrial wealth. Social revolution has transformed our politics and much else besides; but it has left the Tory leadership unchanged.

In ninety years this leadership has made only one great blunder; but that was Himalayan. From 1881, when Disraeli died, down to 1914 it chose to get its mass support in the constituencies more by exploiting the Irish question than by fixing its attention on the condition of England. It thereby allowed Socialism, throughout those fatal decades, to penetrate the working class and capture the trade unions. The leadership touched bottom in 1900, when the House of Lords judgment in the Taff Vale case tore a sudden gap in Disraeli's Trade Union Act of 1875. That Act was intended to give—and for a quarter of a century did give—the trade unions legal immunity from actions for damages inflicted by strikes; for passing it, Disraeli's Cabinet received the thanks of the Trade Union Congress.

But the supine Tory leadership of 1900 threw away the rich legacy of 1875. It made no move to close the gap. It let the initiative pass to the newly created Labour Party—which promptly mobilized the unions for Socialism in order to undo Taff Vale. The unions are still mobilized for Socialism. Disraeli would never have made that blunder; but we have been paying for it ever since.

We must not repeat Taff Vale after 1960. We must not allow the Britain that has grown up outside the quadrilateral—the scientists, the technicians, the executives, the engineers, the pro-

ducts of the grammar schools and the secondary modern schools and the Redbrick university grants—to pass outside the Tory orbit.

Since 1945 we have shown ourselves alive to the danger, and we have acted against it. We have broadened immeasurably the party base in the constituencies, swept away the barriers that restricted our office-holders and our candidates to men from the quadrilateral. The results were seen after the 1950 election—when, for the first time, the Tory benches in Parliament contained men who could (and did) defeat the Socialists on the condition-of-England question. But we have clearly not gone far enough.

At the present time, the Cabinet consists of eighteen men. Every one of them comes from within the quadrilateral. Nine went to Eton, the rest to other public schools. It may be urged that the Prime Minister has made the best choice from the Parliamentary talents available to him. No doubt—but then the range of choice must be widened still further.

It is not enough that the Tory Party is an all-class party. It must also be seen to be one at every level, including the highest. In the 1960's we shall not be able to afford the electoral price of a Cabinet that contains nobody from the State educational system through which nearly all the electors pass, and that looks like an offshoot of the Headmasters' Conference.

6. The Shamateur Politician

How can we widen our Parliamentary base, as we have widened our constituency base? How to get a party in the House that reflects the world outside ; one where the majority of our M.P.s and Ministers come from grammar schools and Redbricks? How to achieve a Tory bloc of fifty or sixty trade unionist M.P.'s?

There is only one way. We must cut the Parliamentary salaries knot. When the next election arrives, the Tory Party should announce that, if it is returned, it will raise the M.P.'s salary to £2,000 a year, the junior Minister's to £3,500, and that it will pay the Peers as well. It should couple this announcement with a statement of the reasons—and reinforce it by nominating fifty or sixty trade unionist candidates. We should do these things without any sort of bargain with the Socialists (and thus keep our hands free for strengthening the Lords if we wish).

Like many—probably most—members of our party, I have always resisted any increase in M.P.'s salaries hitherto ; and I do not think we should take any action in the present Parliament. But I am now convinced that we must seek a mandate to do it at the next election. Unpopular though it will be, I am now convinced that we cannot escape it if we are to widen our Parliamentary base and make future Tory Ministries national in every sense of the word.

We must abandon the attempt to maintain the distinction between professional and amateur in politics. It has become unreal everywhere else in contemporary Britain. We must recognize this, even though we regret it. Whether we shall thereby lower the level of our political life is a matter we must leave to the electors. They will continue to get the kind of M.P.'s that they deserve. Anyhow, professionalism is unlikely to be worse than the humbug of shamateurism, which has become an occupational disease in the Socialist Party. As things are, Socialist M.P.'s make the best of both worlds. They denounce the Tories for trying to make Parliament a rich man's preserve, and at the same time draw secret subventions from trade unions and the Co-Op. It is time for us to end

the Socialists' platform fraud of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

7. The Sophisticated Voter

Raising M.P.s' salaries is one part (and a small one) of our big task as a party. That task is: to make changes in this country so revolutionary that the poverty-politics of Socialism will become merely a memory. We must send the Socialists to join the Chartists and the Levellers in the footnotes of history.

Fundamental to this is the extension, by every means we can use, of education. As the age-level shifts in the 1960s, and the numbers of children diminish, we must cut down the size of classes; and the scandal of antiquated, overcrowded village schools; and raise the leaving age from 15 to 16. The sooner we do all these things the better.

Apart from the national reasons, which are imperative, there are political reasons as well. We have a vested interest, as a party, in an educated electorate, with a high level of intellectual sophistication. Untutored masses of suggestible men and women can always be mobilized against us;

but there is a close correlation between mental ability and a propensity to vote Tory. It was no accident that the University franchise never in all its history elected a Socialist candidate to Parliament (not even Mr. Sidney Webb or Mr. G. D. H. Cole in the inter-war decades when the academic climate was dominated by the Left). It is no accident, either, that the post-war extension of University education has been accompanied by a Socialist slump among the young. For the first time this century, Toryism is now intellectually respectable. (There are, of course, a number of reasons for this apart from wider access to the Universities. But it is significant, none the less, that even the Lucky Jims of Redbrick are certainly not Socialists. They put gin before Gollancz, and prefer women to whine.)

A sophisticated, sceptical electorate, inoculated against slogans and deaf to demagogues—to achieve that will help us immensely. We want a Britain where a Tory majority will be the rule, not the exception, for the rest of the twentieth century.

CHARLES CURRAN.

THE U.S. PRE-CONVENTION PICTURE

By DENYS SMITH

EISENHOWER'S latest illness, whether regarded as serious or slight, is bound to have some effect on the political campaign. It would have its most far-reaching effect if Eisenhower withdrew from the race, but at the time of writing most people in Washington appear to think this

unlikely. The decision will be Eisenhower's own, though the outside pressure is all towards an affirmative answer. Many people (mainly Democrats) are already saying, and will continue to say if he decides to run up to the time of the election, that when a man of sixty-five has had two serious breakdowns in ten

THE U.S. PRE-CONVENTION PICTURE

months he is not in such good physical condition as a man occupying the White House ought to be. Many other people (mainly Republicans) maintain on the other hand that the President is fitter after his operation than he was before, since the underlying cause of a series of past bouts of stomach trouble has been removed. The long operation also demonstrated that his recovery from last September's heart attack was complete. Moreover an operation for ileitis should be no more considered a handicap than the prostate operation undergone by the sixty-four-year-old Harriman in May, or Stevenson's kidney operation last year.

The President's attack occurred just after the first stage of the American pre-election campaign was over. This was the period of the party primaries, where in eighteen States, plus Alaska and Washington, the voters of each party chose delegates to the national party Conventions who supported some particular Presidential candidate (or none). This first stage stretched from March to June and from New Hampshire to California. At its close there was no reason to change the prediction made in these pages before it began that the rival candidates for the Presidency this year would be the same as they were four years ago, Eisenhower and Stevenson.

Every four years there is a big dispute over the advantages and disadvantages of the primary system. Those who support it argue that it gives the ordinary party member a chance to express himself instead of leaving all party decisions to the party professionals. It would therefore be a good thing for the country if it were adopted in every State. Those who object to primaries complain that they make a possible future President campaign as though he were running for village dog-catcher. They waste his time and lower his

prestige. Moreover, if he already holds some public office it would be quite impossible for him to campaign in each of the forty-eight States. Supporters of the system agree that there is some merit in these objections, but believe that they could be met if all State primaries were held on the same day, which would obviate the necessity for a long series of local campaigns geared to local conditions and issues. No States held Presidential primaries till 1905. They had increased to twenty-six by 1916. The total has now fallen to eighteen, and in addition they are held in Alaska and the District of Columbia (Washington). In the other thirty States delegates to the national Conventions are picked through the party mechanism. Four years ago President Truman called primaries "eye-wash," maintaining that they proved nothing. Successes in the primaries have never yet assured a candidate's nomination, though failure in the primaries has eliminated possible candidates.

America has now entered the second pre-Election stage, which will last till the Conventions take place. Unless and until Eisenhower decides to the contrary there will be no rival Republican candidates actively striving for the nomination in the second stage any more than in the first. But on the Democratic side there are several rivals unlikely to abandon hope till the Convention balloting takes place. During this second stage there will be quiet behind-the-scenes manoeuvring among the Democrats to line up delegates uncommitted in advance to any candidate, to obtain promises of second-choice support from delegates who will vote on the first ballot for some "favourite son" (that is to say, a local leader who will be backed more as a personal tribute than with any hope that he will win the nomination), and to secure delegates

still to be picked by State Conventions of party professionals or by local party committees. The third stage is the Convention itself, with intensified political manœuvring concentrated in a few short days. Only when the candidate is chosen can the Election campaign itself be said to start. The Republicans with only one candidate are in a favourable position, for the rival Democratic candidates have not only or even mainly been vying with each other to demonstrate which of them can most effectively attack the Republicans. They have been attacking and criticizing one another, which does not make for party strength and harmony.

Before the primaries started, Stevenson's position seemed unassailable. Stevenson did not want to enter any primaries. He had been nominated last time without making any advance effort ; in fact, after asserting that he was not a candidate. But his professional advisers insisted that a few primary successes were essential, and Stevenson finally agreed that you could not be a reluctant candidate twice any more than you could be a virgin twice. So he entered a few primaries where his chances seemed good. His chief rival in the primary contests was Senator Kefauver, of Tennessee, who pinned his whole hope upon them. Kefauver is not popular with the party professionals and his sole chance of being nominated was to demonstrate by his successes in the primaries that he was "the voters' choice" (as opposed to the party leaders' choice) in so decisive a way that he could not be ignored. The first primary was held in New Hampshire. Stevenson did not enter his name, since the State had been "nursed" for four years by Kefauver, but a group of local New Hampshire Democrats campaigned on his behalf and were decisively defeated by

Kefauver's supporters. The first open contest was in Minnesota, where Stevenson had the support of the local Democratic organization. To everybody's surprise Kefauver won. This was a salutary shock to the Stevenson forces and convinced them that you could not win State primaries without hard campaigning. Stevenson now began to travel as extensively, speak as frequently and shake hands as exhaustively and exhaustingly as Kefauver. He beat Kefauver in a series of primaries in New Jersey, in Alaska, in the District of Columbia (Washington), in Oregon, in Florida, and finally in California. Some of the victories were narrow and enabled Kefauver to claim moral victory, but you do not accumulate delegates with moral victories, nor do they convince already prejudiced party professionals that you are the party's best vote-getter.

Kefauver was unopposed in the Nebraska, Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland primaries, but except in Maryland his total vote was less than Eisenhower's in the Republican primaries—another blow to his claim as a vote-getter. Stevenson was unopposed in his own State of Illinois, where a last-minute movement to "write in" Kefauver's name on the ballot papers failed miserably. The Pennsylvania primary was entirely a "write in" contest and Stevenson got 96 per cent. of the "write in" vote to Kefauver's 4 per cent. Even in the New York primary Stevenson captured six of the ninety-eight delegates from Governor Harriman. The Minnesota result evidently was due to a fluke, not a trend. Democrats there, discontented with the local party organization which backed Stevenson, were glad of an opportunity to rebuff it by voting for an outsider, Kefauver ; while Republicans who had no primary contest of their own were able, under

THE U.S. PRE-CONVENTION PICTURE

Minnesota primary regulations, to vote in the Democratic primary against Stevenson, either because they considered him the strongest Democratic candidate, or because they too wanted to administer a rebuff to their immediate foes, the local Democratic leaders.

The primaries once more demonstrated their ability to eliminate possible candidates by destroying Kefauver's chances. They have even spoiled his chances of being Vice-Presidential candidate. If Stevenson is nominated, as now expected, Kefauver is the last man he would want as his "running mate" after the personal attacks Kefauver made on him. There is a possibility of a Harriman-Kefauver combination, but the delegates pledged to both do not equal those pledged to Stevenson, and an all Left-wing "ticket" would not appeal to the Southerners and moderates. Moreover, in the second stage of the pre-Election campaign now under way Stevenson will be aided by the tendency to back a likely winner, "to get on the band-waggon." This psychological urge fortifies the logical urge to pick a candidate who can hold the two wings of the Democratic Party together by a moderate attitude in tune with the spirit of moderation which now prevails throughout the country. Since a majority of Democrats, whatever they may say in public, think there is little chance of any Democratic candidate defeating Eisenhower, a moderate such as Stevenson is also best suited to conduct a "holding operation" and keep the party united for 1960, when the swing of the pendulum and a new Republican candidate will give them their chance. If, on the other hand, Eisenhower withdraws a new reason for nominating Stevenson is added, namely that he would be the candidate whose moderate views would best enable him to appeal to those who

supported the similar middle-road position of Eisenhower. His supporters could even argue that Stevenson would be a better facsimile of Eisenhower than the Republican candidate himself, whoever he might prove to be.

Before Eisenhower's operation the health issue had been fading into the background. The Democrats themselves had been talking of Senator Lyndon Johnson as a possible candidate in the unlikely event of a deadlocked Democratic Convention, though he suffered a worse heart attack than Eisenhower last summer. The Republican Party chiefs, with considerable astuteness, have been keeping Nixon out of the limelight. It is difficult to attack a man who says and does nothing except take part in the ceremonial amiabilities required when visiting foreign dignitaries come to Washington, which incidentally Nixon does very well. Whether the ordinary voter will continue to pay little attention to the health issue and take the doctor's word for it that the President can shoulder the burdens of office for another four years remains to be seen. As already indicated he is likely to be reminded more frequently now of the health hazards by Democratic spokesmen and hear the contrary arguments that Eisenhower's health is no worse than that of his Democratic rivals from the Republicans.

Other promising Democratic issues have also been fading into the background. The farm revolt is more evident in political discussion than on the farm. Farm income, moreover, has started to rise while the President has persuaded Congress to give him his "soil bank," the scheme to compensate farmers who take crop lands out of production. The original Farm Bill was vetoed because it combined the President's plan to reduce price-depressing surpluses with various contra-

dictory schemes to increase production and thus add to existing surpluses. But not only do farmers show a personal preference for Eisenhower, even more remarkable, he appears to have considerable rank-and-file support among organized labour, if recent test polls are reliable. The negro vote is also returning to the party of Abraham Lincoln owing to the Southern Democrats' opposition to desegregation. Despite a few weak spots in the nation's economy, which cause fidgeting more than alarm, prosperity continues, with national income and production continuing to increase. There is no crisis in foreign affairs. The world's trouble spots—Cyprus, Algeria and the Middle East—are outside the area of direct American responsibility and there seems

to be general approval of the President's "friends to both sides" (or "plague on both your houses") attitude. The only Republican worry at the moment is that all the suspense and uncertainty is on the Democratic side, which means that Democrats will attract the radio and television audiences. How, for example, can anyone be made to take interest in the Republican Convention, which will merely be an acclamation ceremony, while the Democratic Convention will show strife and excitement. If, on the other hand, the President withdraws, the Republicans must find what cold comfort they can in the knowledge that their own Convention will have more suspense and conflict than that of the Democrats.

DENYS SMITH.

MY FINEST HOUR

By JOHN VERNEY

The theme is a supra-artistic concept.

Pudovkin.

NEARLY twenty years ago Charles Laughton and I murdered a ginger tom-cat which belonged, I recall, to a Mrs. de Groot. The strange fierce animal's meteoric exit from this world down a ventilator shaft at Elstree Studios haunts me still, though I doubt whether Charles Laughton himself would remember the cat, or, for that matter, me. And since Mrs. de Groot must by now have gone the way, metaphorically speaking, of her cat, perhaps the story can safely be told.

The Studios had been built originally for silent films. Later, each hangar had been equipped with an inner sound-proof shell, which left a high narrow space between it and the outer walls. These dimly lit corridors were like part

of a German Expressionist film, and entering them at one end I often fancied I saw the distorted shape of Dr. Caligari himself disappear round the other. At each corner a large open ventilator, 10 ft. above the floor, sucked out the stale air with a faint whirr.

The film, called *St. Martin's Lane*, was about a kind old busker, Charlie (Charles Laughton), who befriends a beautiful street dancer, Libby (Vivien Leigh); then her talent is spotted and she jumps to stardom, kicking poor old Charlie into the gutter as she takes off. There were five assistant directors. But since the first two did all the work necessary, a menacing fog of boredom hung over the heads of the remaining three. The third filled his time flirting with Vivien Leigh. The fourth got an

MY FINEST HOUR

occasional break booking the Director's table for supper at the Savoy or, the next morning, fetching him bismuth tablets. I was the fifth.

Naturally I was not so naïve as to suppose that the star-producer would recognize in me the hope of British films when, aloof with god-like pre-occupation, he floated down on to the set and off again. Sometimes, if I was quick enough, I opened the door or unfolded his canvas chair, marked with large letters on the back "Mr. Laugh-ton." But my talent could not be expected to shine through these simple acts, though it tried hard. No, my hope lay rather with the Director. I was full of good ideas for improving his script; and, since I had nothing else to do, I kept at his elbow waiting to share them with him, if he asked. He didn't ask. A nervous dyspeptic, whose stomach too evidently was much on his mind, he remained throughout noticeably unaware of the presence, not to mention the potentialities, of his Fifth Assistant, though he did once refer to me, out of my hearing, as "that over-educated page-boy."

The remark reached me through my friend Julian, the Third Assistant, a tall dark laconic young man who played Satie on the property piano in the lunch break and who first introduced me to Proust. Julian had already been some years in the industry, so could smile at my enthusiasm. "If you want to be a Director," he used to say, "you had better start by forgetting that 'the theme is a supra-artistic concept' and concentrate instead on beating the Fourth Assistant to the bottle of bismuth tablets."

I concentrated rather, for interminable hours and days, on criticizing the pathetic lack of imagination with which the Director placed his camera. Somehow or other, no one in the Oxford Film Society had told me that angle



"... I OFTEN FANCIED I SAW THE DISTORTED
SHAPE OF DR. CALIGARI ..."

shots went out of fashion with cloche hats.

But my chance came.

The day began very much like any other, with a 5 a.m. alarm bell in my bed-sitter off the Cromwell Road; a walk through streets still lamplit to the South Kensington Underground; an hour's train journey into daylight and the Hertfordshire suburbs, via Golders Green and the second volume of the *Guermites Way*. Waiting to be checked in, I noted the ginger tom-cat curled up, as usual, in the warmth of the gate-keeper's office. As usual, I handed him a fragment of the ham sandwich I carried in my pocket for lunch. In the past four weeks the gesture had become one of those comforting superstitious rituals, like not walking on the joins of the pavement, with which I daily propitiated the forces of providence and in which, who could tell, lay

a surer magic to promotion than that afforded by the Director's bismuth bottle. Hitherto the tom-cat had invariably sneered at my offering. This morning he accepted the ham greedily. It was a portent.

There was only one scene to be shot this particular morning, after which we packed up and moved into London for a long sequence in the Drury Lane Theatre, hired for the purpose. It was quite a simple shot, opening with the distant view of St. Paul's at first light. Then the camera's eye, floating somewhere in the upper air above Covent Garden, would move in on a cat squatting in the gutter outside Charlie's attic window. The window would open and Charlie, wiping the sleep from his eyes, would say "Hullo pussy" and let her in.

The cat played no part in the story. The object of the scene was to build Charlie up as a nice chap who was kind to cats and thus to win, on his behalf, the hearts of several million cat lovers.

We expected to have the shot in the bag by 11 a.m. A model (or was it back-projection?) was to be used for the distant view, the attic stood four feet above the studio floor, the cat had merely to edge a few inches along the gutter, miaow affectionately and enter the window. Even her line of dialogue could be dubbed in afterwards. Still, you can never be sure with cats and a special cat-man, with his team of acting cats, had been engaged at twenty-five guineas for the day. When I reached the studio he was already there, with two large baskets; a melancholy figure alone on the deserted set with the smell of plaster, paint and woodshavings.

The scene on the studio floor livened up in its habitual way. The chief cameraman gave directions about lighting; the First and Second Assistants paid a rush visit; Julian wandered in to tell me a story he had heard Vivien

Leigh tell the evening before; her Director arrived, followed by the Fourth Assistant armed with a water jug and the bismuth bottle; and Charles Laughton himself, disguised as Charlie, came across from his dressing-room. At length we were ready to shoot and the cat-man selected the most precocious of his cats.

In the next hour or two all the acting cats were tried in turn, but not one of them on this occasion would act. Either they just squatted in the gutter, blinking foolishly at Charles Laughton, or they backed hurriedly away from him, to rejoin their master where he stood, biting his nails with vexation, outside the camera's range. The preamble to the shot was abandoned; all efforts were concentrated on simply shooting the cat entering the window of Charlie's attic. All efforts failed. The morning passed, the afternoon wore on. And still the shot stayed out of the bag. Technicians groaned, Charles Laughton rolled his eyes in despair, the Director alternately raved at the cat-man and swallowed bottlesful of bismuth. The First and Second Assistants telephoned every agency in town for other cat-men, but none were available. Julian hid saucers of sugared milk behind geranium plants on the window sill. The Fourth Assistant rubbed Charlie all over with cats' meat. But still not one of the cats would play the simple part, and their master grew frantic in his efforts to explain their unaccountable loss of talent.

It was about 4 p.m. when the Fifth Assistant remembered the ginger tom-cat and saw the opportunity he had so long waited for.

"Here, what are you doing with that cat?" the gate-keeper shouted.

I lied, breathlessly, that Mr. Laughton himself wished to borrow the cat.

"Sorry, mate. You still can't have him. He belongs to an old lady across

MY FINEST HOUR

the road, Mrs. de Groot. A foreign lady and very queer about cats. She'd skin me if she knew I'd let you take Tommy. You must go and ask her yourself."

Argument, then bribery, proved useless and a few minutes later, carrying the ginger cat, I knocked on the door of a semi-detached villa, one of a row opposite the studio gates. While I waited, two Cheshire cats grinned at me in the parlour window, then vanished as footsteps sounded in the hall. When the door opened the issuing smell of cats almost knocked me over. Mrs. de Groot herself stood on the threshold. I had never seen anything like her before, nor have I since. She was about ninety-five, over six feet tall and dressed entirely in black lace except for a tiger skin hat. Dyed red hair hung around her wrinkled face. She clutched half a dozen cats in her arms, a further dozen crowded about her ankles, peering up at me. The two Cheshire cats I had seen in the window crouched one on each shoulder.

"Ach, Tom-mee, there you are. Komm in," she said to the cat I was holding. Apparently I didn't exist.

Tommy struggled, but I held on to him. Mrs. de Groot looked me in the face, and for the first time I noticed her eyes. They were bright yellow with small, wedge-shaped pupils. I explained the purpose of my visit. She spoke and understood very little English, but enough to turn my request down angrily. I began to see what the gate-keeper had meant about her skinning him.

"But this cat is always at the studio gates," I insisted desperately. "I could have taken him and brought him back and you would never have known."

"Not known?" She stared at me as if I must be half-witted. "Of course I know. Tom-mee tell me afterwards."

I tried a different approach. With



"FEELM PEOPLE REECH. TWO POUNDS."

my free hand I pulled out my wallet. "Naturally we would expect to pay you . . ."

The monstrous old creature became kindlier. "Ach, you pay. How moch?"

"A pound."

"Feelme people reech. Two pounds."

We settled for thirty bob, cash down. It was all I had in the world. And I swore that I would personally bring Tommy back again to her within half an hour. As I ran back to the studio I prayed that the shot in progress had been a flop like the rest. It had. No one was particularly hopeful that my amateur cat would succeed where the professionals had failed, but at this point in the ghastly day anything was worth trying. Only the cat-man protested something about Equity and his cats' professional reputation, but he was pushed aside and I took his place. I settled the tom in the gutter and, when the cameras turned, stepped back out

of view. He stayed there quietly purring and the entire studio staff held its breath. Charlie opened the window.

"Hullo, pussy," he murmured drowsily.

The tom stretched himself, walked a pace or two, miaowed, then jumped affectionately into Charlie's arms. One could almost hear the exclamations of delight from millions of cat-lovers all over the world. The shot was "in the bag" at last. The Director threw his hat in the air, the cameraman slapped the side of his camera, and the shout of general relief on the floor was echoed by the electricians high up among the arc lights on the gantry. And Charles Laughton, stroking the cat, turned to me and said "Good boy." It was my finest hour.

At that moment the ginger cat went mad. The noise, the lights being switched off, something or other frightened him. Crazy with sudden terror, he leapt out of Charles Laughton's arms and, screeching horribly, set off on a wild steeplechase round the studio, pursued frantically by the Fifth Assistant. For no one else gave a damn what happened to him. But then no one else had seen Mrs. de Groot.

The door out of the studio into the corridor was normally kept closed, but now, by mischance, it had been opened. I saw the danger too late; the tom got there first. There was no way out of the corridor except through swing doors at one end, which were shut. I tried to block the course as he came past on his third circuit. He flashed between my legs like a furry thunderbolt. Then, reaching the corner, the poor misguided creature spotted the ventilator. It was a hole, it spelt safety. At full speed he gave a prodigious leap and, with a despairing shriek, disappeared into it for ever.

I didn't see Mrs. de Groot again. The gatekeeper sent a message that she was

waiting for me at the entrance, carrying a large knife. I left the studios hidden under a rug in Julian's car, and never returned. Nor was there any particular sequel to the story of the cat, except, possibly, the disgusting smell, some weeks later, under the studio floor. But I only heard that from Julian long afterwards. For next day we started shooting the sequence in the Drury Lane theatre.

Perhaps it was this change of environment, perhaps just the basic ingratitude of film people in general, but my single contribution to the making of *St. Martin's Lane* was instantly forgotten. In all the following weeks the Director never once asked my advice, never again did Charles Laughton turn to me and say "Good boy." I lost all interest in the picture; and, while scene after scene was shot, I spent the days hidden cosily from general view on the floor of the Royal Box. Partly I read Julian's copy of *Within the Budding Grove*, partly I slept. Ambition to become a Director slowly died, and when, at the end of the shooting, the Mayflower Picture Company paid me off, it was quite dead.

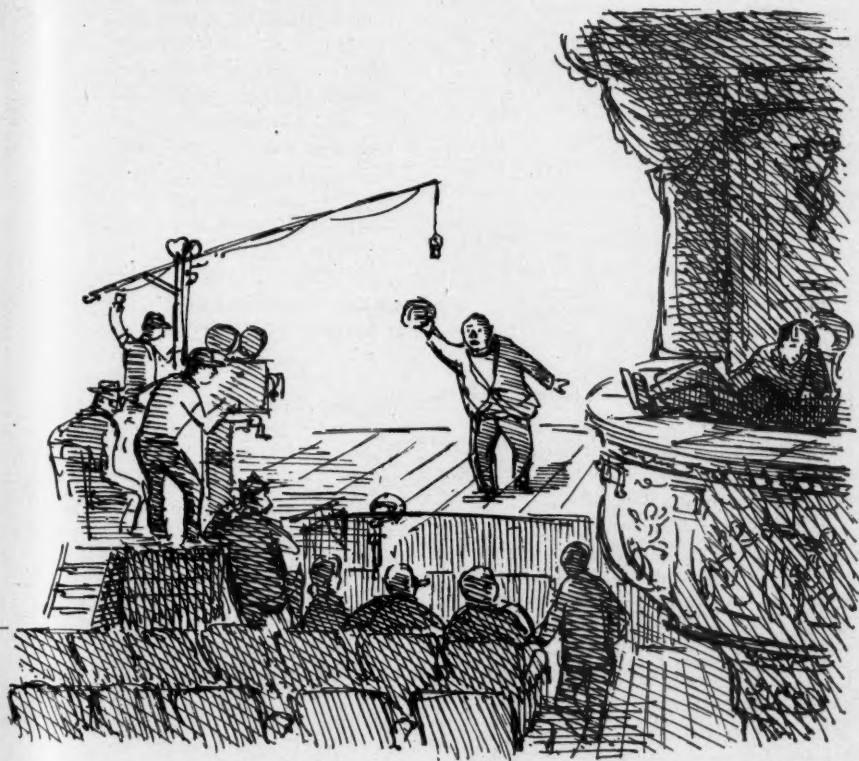
Some time after Munich the completed film of *St. Martin's Lane* was shown to the public. I found that the scene with the cat had been cut, and I wasn't even mildly depressed. But I also found, unexpectedly, that I had left my mark on the picture, after all, in rather a different way. You may remember that wonderfully affecting scene at the end when Libby, now a world-famous star, runs across Charlie, still in the gutter, and how, eaten with sudden remorse, she takes him with her into Drury Lane, where she is due for a rehearsal. There Charlie realizes his life's ambition by standing alone on the historic boards and declaiming "The green eye of the little yellow god" to a sprinkling of cynical producers and

MY FINEST HOUR

impresarios, who, for Libby's sake, hide their yawns as politely as possible. And you may remember, too, how, on the sound track, Charlie's voice reciting the adventures of Mad Carew is accompanied by a gentle undertone of snoring.

The critics hailed this effect afterwards as "a brilliant stroke," "the real Laughton touch." As it happened, the effect was accidental. The snoring was mine.

JOHN VERNEY.



N.B.—Readers may be interested to know that the Index of Vol. CXLVI of *The National and English Review* (January-June, 1956) is in the course of preparation and will be available at the beginning of next month.

CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor, The National and English Review

GERMANY AND N.A.T.O.

From Gilbert Longden, M.B.E., M.P.

SIR,

I profoundly disagree with one of your "Episodes of the Month" for May, and I hope that for the sake of Europe's future your views are not widely shared.

The future of Europe depends largely upon Germany; and the future of Germany, for better or worse, depends largely upon reunification. You advocate that German reunification should be bought from the U.S.S.R. at the price of a unified Germany's agreeing in advance *not* to join N.A.T.O.

I do not know what sanction you have in mind for preventing an independent Sovereign State from shaping its own foreign policy as it pleases; but I think the Eden proposals, whereby a Germany reunited after free elections would be free to choose whether or not to accede to the Paris Treaties, though calculatedly risky, is more realistic.

But my main objection to your policy is that, without Germany, N.A.T.O. would pack up. It is not true that (as you say) "there is only one basic element in N.A.T.O.—the Anglo-American Alliance." N.A.T.O. was once defined by the Prime Minister as consisting of three interlocking circles—the British Commonwealth, the U.S.A. and Western Europe. Without Germany, Western Europe would be a weak link indeed; and without Western Europe N.A.T.O. would not be N.A.T.O. The friendship and unity of the English-speaking world is indeed a basic and essential element in our policy for Peace; that it is not the only element is proved by the existence of N.A.T.O.

In an earlier "Episode" you rightly say that "of course the West would be in mortal danger if it relaxed its own defence efforts now." But its own defence efforts must include what the Chiefs of Staff advise as proper ground defence; for if nuclear weapons have made total war much less likely they have not lessened the chances of local, piecemeal, aggression.

Do you really imagine that, if British and American troops had to withdraw from a neutral Germany, they would remain on the Continent at all—even if France or the Low Countries wanted them to do so, which is doubtful? And do you imagine that if all the Allies agreed that British and American troops should remain west of the Rhine, they could there be effective for their purpose?

Western European Union would, of course, disintegrate if your deplorable suggestion were acted upon. And what of the E.C.S.C. and the potential common market and Euratom? Apart from the issues of War and Peace the only hope for Western civilization is for Western Europe, its cradle, to become and remain as united as is politically possible. Without German collaboration that hope is illusory. Are we to relinquish it merely to appease the Kremlin?

I regret to say that I heard many echoes of your views during a recent visit to Germany. What I should like to know is how widely they are held here, because in this country no Foreign Secretary can for long pursue a policy which has not the backing of public opinion. Perhaps some of your readers would like to join in this controversy, it would be interesting to know whether they support your opinion or mine.

Yours, etc.,

GILBERT LONGDEN.

115, Park Street,
London, W.1.

31st May, 1956.

"THE BEST OF BOTH SEXES?"

From the Dean of St. Paul's.

SIR,

I am moved to write a word of agreement with Lord Altrincham's article "The Best of Both Sexes?" In 1935, as a member of the Archbishop's Commission on the Ministry of Women, I wrote a memorandum expressing my view that there are no theological grounds for the exclusion of women as such from ordination to the

CORRESPONDENCE

priesthood and I have seen no reason to change that opinion. I think anyone who reads that Report, which summarises clearly the arguments on both sides, will agree that the only serious objections that can be raised to the ordination of women are of a psychological kind or are based on considerations of expediency.

In one of Saki's books we read of a titled lady of radical views whose denunciations of abuses were all the more fervent because she had the comfortable feeling that they would last her time. I confess that, sometimes, I detect this feeling in myself when I contemplate the changes and readjustments which would be needed if the principle of the ordination of women were accepted. One who believes in the capacity of the human reason when exercised in reliance upon the Holy Spirit to guide us into truth must, of course, adhere firmly to the truth as he sees it and, therefore, I must hold that the Holy Spirit is leading the Church to make full use of all the gifts of ministry which are present in the human race and that the exclusion of women from any kind of ministry to which they are called is wrong. At the same time, it would be foolish to ignore the practical considerations. In the present state of Church opinion, the admission of women to the priesthood would undoubtedly cause a schism and the only way of advance open now is discussion and argument.

The first on the list of those who need to be persuaded are the women of the Church. In 1935, the Commission reported that, though some women had advocated the ordination of women, it was evident that the majority of women in the Church were strongly opposed to it. So far as I can tell, this is still the case, and it is futile to expect that the Bishops will even begin to contemplate any move towards opening the full ministry of the Church to women until there is a strong, or even overwhelming, demand from women for this reform. There is no sign that any such demand exists.

The causes of this are obscure and are no doubt largely psychological. It would be profitable to make a study of the uncon-

scious resistance of so many women to the idea of female priests. One can suggest possible causes, but until some research has been done they must remain conjectures.

I am glad that Lord Altrincham has raised the question in such a challenging manner. Perhaps his articles will elicit some comments by psychologists on the problem. They could be illuminating.

Yours obediently,

W. R. MATTHEWS.

*The Deanery,
St. Paul's,
London, E.C.4.
13th June, 1956.*

*From Miss C. S. Wilkinson.
SIR,*

It was good to read your forthright and reasoned advocacy of the Ordination of Women in the *June Review*. Fundamentally it is a question whether the difference between the sexes is one of function or essence. If, as Miss Jane Harrison said, "Man is more insulated, woman more resonant," are not both qualities needed in the Ministry? Is the statement that "A woman can no more celebrate the Holy Communion than a man have a baby" true on any ground—theological, philosophical or psychological? Or is this tradition and prejudice?

The place of women in the government and ministry of the churches is now being explored by The World Council of Churches, in Men-Women Co-operation Councils. The Presbyterian Church of England has just opened a closed door by the ordination of an outstanding woman. The Church of Scotland has approved a scheme which will allow qualified deaconesses to preach. Full ministry of women has long been accepted by the Congregationalist and Baptist Churches.

In the Church of England advance, even at the lower level of the ministry of licensed lay-women, has just been blocked by eleven adverse votes in the Lower House of Canterbury, though the Upper Houses, meeting in Full Synod, were in favour of the Resolutions proposed, al-

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ready in operation in the Province of York.

The gap has been narrowed perhaps, but the priesthood of women could only come about through the leading of the Spirit—by a conviction that the ordination of women would not only help to remedy the shortage of adequate male candidates, but is as essential for spiritual growth in the Church as biological fertilization is for the race.

Yours, etc.,

C. S. WILKINSON.

*Joint Hon. Sec., Society for the Equal Ministry of Men and Women in the Church,
42, Crutched Friars, E.C.3.
18th June, 1956.*

"THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS?"

From Canon C. K. Sansbury, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

In the closing paragraphs of his article, Mr. Tom Driberg speculates on the possible course the Church of England may take in the future in the matter of liturgical revision. He seems unaware of the proposed Canon 13 in the revised body of Canons now being considered by the Convocations. This Canon (which will, of course, require the concurrence of Parliament) will, if passed, give to the Convocations power to authorize deviations from the Book of Common Prayer for an experimental period, which (a) are not contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England, and (b) have received the support of at least a two-thirds majority in the Convocations and in the House of Laity.

Two reasons, I think, have prompted this proposal: (a) Parliament is only likely to reject a Church Assembly Measure if it comes from a divided Church, as the 1927-28 Prayer Books did. Another such rebuff must inevitably result in a demand by the Church for Disestablishment, if it is to retain any shred of moral and spiritual authority; yet the Church would fight this battle at very great disadvantage if it fought it on an issue on which it is itself divided. Clearly the path of wisdom then is to be sure that any

measure put before Parliament commands the general assent of the main body (as distinct from the "lunatic fringes") of the Church of England.

(b) Forms of worship need to be tried out experimentally to test their "prayability." Not every age can produce a master of liturgical language like Cranmer, and what may seem quite satisfactory in the study or the debating chamber may not prove suitable in the actual worship of the parish church. Only by the process of trial and error can the Church of England find its way towards revised forms of worship that will command general assent in the Church of England and that can then be submitted by a united Church to Parliament for statutory enactment.

The Church of England is thus very far from planning "to by-pass Parliament altogether." It is seeking a means of implementing Article XX in a way that will give its provincial Synods greater flexibility and freedom and yet will be quite consistent with the Establishment. "The best of both worlds?" Possibly: but at least with the concurrence and not behind the back of the other partner in the relationship of Church and State.

Yours faithfully,

C. KENNETH SANSBURY.

St. Augustine's College,

Canterbury.

Kent.

9th June, 1956.

From Tom Driberg.

SIR,

I should be much obliged if you would allow me to correct two misprints which marred my article in your June issue.

On p. 326 I referred, of course, to the *status* (not the "stakes") of the parish priest; and on p. 330 my admittedly cumbersome word, *interdenominationalisation*, proved too indigestible for your printers.

Yours very truly,

TOM DRIBERG.

Bradwell Lodge,

Bradwell-juxta-Mare,

near Southminster, Essex.

2nd June, 1956.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

ONE OF THE LIFE-GIVERS*

By ERIC GILLETT

THE title of this article is the last sentence of a book by Mr. Michael Burn, novelist, poet and foreign correspondent, and he uses it to describe a remarkable man, Mr. G. A. Lyward. For twenty-five years he has been giving extraordinarily successful treatment to unusual and maladjusted boys. The results have been so striking that a doctor friend suggested to Mr. Burn that he should write an account of Finchden Manor in Kent where the work is carried out. *Mr. Lyward's Answer* is Mr. Burn's description of his experiences over a period of some months when he was a member of Mr. Lyward's staff, after he had realized on his first visit that it would be impossible for him to do justice to a fascinating subject unless he had practical knowledge of it.

It would be untrue to say that Mr. Burn has managed to convey a full idea of Mr. Lyward's "magic." That is inherent in his personality and can only be transmitted by himself. Mr. Burn has, however, done enough to inform his readers as fully as he can about the nature of Mr. Lyward's experiment and to substantiate his publisher's claim that "no educationist of whatever school or camp can fail to find sustained interest and surprise" in his book. Before going to Finchden Manor Mr. Burn had no special knowledge of either education or psychiatry and he asks experts to read what he has written as the work of a "respectful tourist in their land." This approach makes the book entirely readable and clear to the general reader. Having suffered from some of the technical works on this subject one can wholeheartedly applaud Mr. Burn's approach and feel that Mr. Lyward must have approved it too.

Finchden displays its black and white

timbered front a mile from the pleasant country town of Tenterden. It is a friendly house but it is clearly not in private occupation. Chopin can often be heard pouring from one room, and from another boogie-woogie sprays the air. Boys can be seen playing on the lawns, and 'even if no boy scampers past like a monkey, one will probably see a monkey scampering past like a boy.' The atmosphere is free, friendly, and restless. Mr. Lyward proved to be reassuringly ordinary and he talked about the boys with detachment. He spoke suddenly of a boy in his care, whom no school had been able to hold, and who now seemed happy riding a bicycle dressed as a Chinaman. "Why not let them have back their childhood?" he asked. "Let them do all those things. If they don't do them now, they'll do much worse things later."

Finchden evades categories. There are about forty boys in residence, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Half are paid

* *Mr. Lyward's Answer*. By Michael Burn. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

A Night to Remember. By Walter Lord. Longmans. 16s.

Mutiny at the Curragh. By A. P. Ryan. Macmillan. 18s.

Marianne Thornton. A Biography by E. M. Forster. Arnold. 21s.

This Is Your Home. A Portrait of Mary Kingsley. By Kathleen Wallace. Heinemann. 16s.

Coast to Coast. By James Morris. Faber. 21s.

Minding My Own Business. By Percy Muir. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

A Mirror for Narcissus. By Negley Farson. Gollancz. 16s.

The Outsider. By Colin Wilson. Gollancz. 21s.

The Chatto Book of Modern Poetry. Edited by C. Day Lewis and John Lehmann. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Wisden Cricketers' Almanack, 1956. Edited by Norman Preston. Sporting Handbooks Ltd. 15s.

for by their families and sent from public schools ; local authorities pay in part or entirely for most of the remainder. About half-a-dozen are and always have been maintained by Mr. Lyward. Finchden has to support itself. It is not endowed. It receives no State grant.

There is a staff of six. There are no fixed hours except for meals, which the boys cook themselves, and bed-time. There are no fixed term times and no fixed holidays. The staff cannot be spared for the regular vacations of an ordinary school. There is no speech day, no Board of Governors, and no conventions of what is or is not correct behaviour. No boy sent there can ever feel that he has been sent as a punishment. None seems curious why any of the others has been sent there.

Mr. Burn soon found a clue to Mr. Lyward's method in the word "respite." "I decided," Mr. Lyward had once said in a lecture, "that some young people needed complete respite from lessons as such, in schools as such, so that they could be shepherd back from the ways . . . by which they have escaped for a while their real childhood." This is only one aspect of Mr. Lyward's work and Mr. Burn does not stress it unduly although he gives some excellent examples of it.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of all is the one which tells the story of the boy who is called here Alastair Wilton. It is too long to summarize, but the account of Mr. Lyward's handling of a tricky situation which involved the jealousy of an intelligent mother and the truculence of her son is told mainly in letters which were written by Mr. Lyward and Mrs. Wilton. In the end Alastair became a useful citizen and Mrs. Wilton frankly recognized the debt she owed to Mr. Lyward.

In another fascinating chapter Mr. Burn prints a number of short case histories and anyone who reads them as he nears the book's last page will understand that although it is beyond Mr. Burn's power to show exactly how these transformations are made, there is no doubt that Mr. Lyward has the knack of turning the sow's

ear into a silk purse. To give only three examples.

ALAN PIPER, of whom his psychiatrist wrote : "I cannot warn you too strongly of the depths of his depravity . . .", expelled from two schools, "pathological liar, anti-social, stealing and destruction of property," commanded a light cruiser during the war, was decorated, and after being seconded to a Government Department, became head of a big business.

ARTHUR DREW, was "a thief, brought up away from his broken family by tyrannical relations, with a feeling he was not wanted." He stayed at Finchden nearly five years, passed difficult examinations brilliantly, took two professional degrees, and is now head of a department in an exceptionally demanding and valuable occupation.

PHILIP ORWELL, "confirmed liar and sex offender," passed a difficult examination and went on to a highly responsible job. "If only he had not been so brusque with the Prime Minister," said one of his superiors, "he would be head of the department." The brusqueness may be regretted, but when he came to Finchden he was not the person who was ever likely to be in touch with a Prime Minister.

Mr. Lyward's Answer will be of interest to any layman but it should be made compulsory reading for anyone who has to do with maladjusted children, whether they are known as juvenile delinquents or simply as bad boys.

Forty-four years ago the R.M.S. *Titanic* met disaster on her maiden voyage. Of the 2,207 men, women and children aboard, only 705 were saved. One can remember clearly the tremendous sensation caused at the time by the size of the death-roll and the amazement that a ship which had been considered unsinkable should have gone to the bottom. In those days of less emphatic headlines the newspapers devoted a very great deal of space to the causes and problems of the *Titanic's* end but no full account of the tragic business had appeared until Mr. Walter Lord, after twenty years of investigating, wrote *A Night to Remember*, which has just been published.

It is a remarkable piece of careful reconstruction. Mr. Lord has been indefatigable

ONE OF THE LIFE-GIVERS

in seeking out survivors and others who were able to give contemporary evidence and perhaps the most striking of his discoveries is this. Charles Baker, who was a baker in the ship, is still afloat as carver in the kitchen of the *Queen Elizabeth*. He is probably the last survivor still on active service, and in his memory the *Titanic* holds a unique place. "They can make them (liners) bigger and faster," he told Mr. Lord, "but it was the care and effort that went into her. She was a beautiful, wonderful ship." She was, in fact, eleven stories high and a sixth of a mile long. At full speed she could make 24 to 25 knots. She had a double bottom and was divided into sixteen watertight compartments. She could float with any two compartments flooded and so she was called "unsinkable."

It would be unfair to Mr. Lord to give the facts of his inquiry but he deals with every question that an interested person might care to ask. The result is a valid and enthralling book.

These two epithets may also be applied to Mr. A. P. Ryan's *Mutiny at the Curragh*, which took place about two years later than the sinking of the *Titanic* in a period which Mr. Ryan happily describes as "the tricky twilight of the comparatively recent past." There are people still living who took leading parts in the Curragh incident and among them General Sir Hubert Gough, who commanded the Cavalry Brigade at the time, has given Mr. Ryan considerable help.

Just before the First World War a charge was made in Parliament that officers of a Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Gough, had mutinied when they had refused to obey the orders of the Liberal Government then in power under Mr. Asquith and, being themselves Conservatives, refused to march into Ulster. The counter-charge was that Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Col. J. E. B. Seely, Secretary of State for War, had planned to use the Royal Navy and the Army to incite the Ulster Volunteers, who were resisting Home Rule, to violence. Mr. Balfour actually called Mr. Churchill

an *agent provocateur* on the floor of the House of Commons and would not withdraw this expression.

Mr. Ryan has a first-rate story to tell. What with gun-running, private armies and excited intrigues in London, and a mass meeting at Blenheim where Sir Edward Carson spoke up for Ulster, there is no lack of incident in *Mutiny at the Curragh*. There will be many who will agree with Mr. Ryan in his conclusion that the Sinn Féin dream of a Republic might never have come true "had matters been ordered differently in Britain and Ireland between 1912 and 1914."

Novelists, like composers, can be unpredictable in their output. No one can be certain that Mr. E. M. Forster will not publish another novel and the hope that he will do so is universal. In the meantime one can be thankful for anything from this able, sensitive writer, one of the most scrupulous artists among living authors. *Marianne Thornton, 1797-1887*, which he calls a domestic biography, is one of his very best books.

It is the life-story of Mr. Forster's great-aunt, who died when he was eight years old, and he is able to make an appearance on the scene and give his recollections of her at the end of the book.

The biography is based almost entirely on family papers, and falls naturally into four sections, Daughter, Sister, Aunt, and Great-Aunt. Marianne's father was Henry Thornton, a prosperous banker, who made his home at Battersea Rise, a house on Clapham Common, which became the focal point of the clan. He died when Marianne was eighteen. Sir Robert Inglis, M.P., became the children's guardian until her younger brother succeeded him, and as a very young man was faced almost at once with the collapse of the bank. He managed to avert this disaster and later, when his wife died, he married her sister. This started the disintegration of the family and Battersea Rise ceased to have the significance which had made it the centre of a gifted and usually happy family. Like the rest of the family, Marianne was in love with it.

Macaulay, Wilberforce, and Hannah

More were among the Thorntons' friends, and Marianne played a full part in her family's activities and interests. She seems to have been high-minded and complacent, like other members of the clan but she must have been an enchanting great-aunt. At any rate she knew how to write to a small boy as may be seen from the very early reminiscence of her own childhood which she put down for Mr. Forster :

Poor old George the Third was coming to summon parliament. That means he ordered that all the members of parliament were to come to hear what he had got to say to them about making new laws and altering the old. He was a good man and wanted to do right, but he was very obstinate and used to get angry and at last very ill, and he quite lost his senses and kept calling people about him peacocks. When the day came for him to meet his faithful commons, though very ill, he insisted on having his own way so they gave it him, and he went, and I could see his carriage—all gold and glass, and I did so beg of my papa to let me go across Palace Yard and he carried me across and took me into the House of Commons, and they were ordered by the Lords to meet the King and hear what he had to say to us. And there he was sitting on his Throne with his King's Crown on, his robes scarlet velvet and ermine, held his speech written out for him just what he had to say. But Oh dear he stood up and made a bow and began " My Lords and Peacocks." The people who were not fond of him laughed, the people who did love him cried, and he went back to be no longer a King, and his eldest son reigned in his stead and Regent Street was named after him.

Marianne's life spanned the greater part of the Victorian era. As an able woman and a very good correspondent she was well worth presenting to readers, and no one could possibly have introduced her more charmingly than her great-nephew and beneficiary. " She and no one else made my career as a writer possible." Mr. Forster makes it clear that as a personality in her own right Marianne Thornton deserved a biographer. No one else could have written her life story as well as he has done.

The methods of biographers provide startling contrasts and Mrs. Kathleen Wallace, whose portrait of Mary Kingsley is called *This is Your Home*, has used the direct, pictorial method which makes her book read like fiction. This is, no doubt, an advantage as far as popular appeal goes but it always makes me suspicious. It is far more of an imaginative work than a biography ought to be. No authorities are quoted here though the " blurb " notes that Mrs. Wallace has drawn on Mary Kingsley's diaries and letters and also on her books. She was the niece of the novelists, Charles and Henry, and the daughter of George Kingsley, less well known than his brothers but versatile and accomplished. He managed somehow to combine a passion for travelling with his practice as a doctor.

Mary was first of all a natural historian. Her parents died when she was thirty and she resolved to study native law and religion in West Africa so that she could complete a book her father had begun. She returned to England from her second West African tour in 1895. She had gone via Old Calabar to French Congo and thence into country not previously visited by Europeans. She had any number of adventures and hairbreadth escapes, climbed the Great Cameroonian and wrote her *Travels in West Africa*.

Mary Kingsley was as accomplished as her father. As long as she had her umbrella, her Horace, and her cup of tea she could settle down in the most improbable surroundings. She was always on the alert for scientific discoveries and, above all, interested in people. When the Boer War broke out she volunteered as a nurse in the Boer zone and died there at the age of thirty-eight, looking after enemy prisoners. The conditions in which she worked were not very much better than those Florence Nightingale found at Scutari, and Mary grappled with them as heroically.

Mrs. Wallace treats her subject most sympathetically but too much of *This is Your Home* is written in dialogue. Perhaps Mrs. Wallace visualizes a film of the book with Katherine Hepburn in the name part. The definitive biography of Mary Kingsley

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has yet to be written. She is worthy of a very good one.

Mr. James Morris's admirable dispatches to *The Times* when he accompanied the successful Everest expedition were very much admired. He was only twenty-six when he wrote them. Later, he went to the United States with his wife with the help of the Commonwealth Fund of New York, and made an extensive tour of the forty-eight states. *Coast to Coast* is the result of this trip and it is as good as one expected it to be. Mr. Morris has an unflinching eye for essentials. He writes with affection yet critically of what he encounters and discovers. His bugbear is what he calls the "Standard American."

I am afraid that he is an unavoidable concomitant of America's advance into nationhood and supremacy. His is the dominant national character that has emerged from the subsiding *mélange* of immigrant peoples, and soon, I fear, you will contemplate his presence as often in Chimayo as in Cedar Rapids. The South will be tainted with his heavy complacency, and the lumber-men will think only of the money, and the Chinese and Neapolitans (less needful, every year, of American friendship or dollars) will still cry: "Americans, Americans! Heaven spare us from them all!"

Conformity, in the States, is very much the rule, particularly in the Middle West. In Key West *mañana* is the order of the day. Mr. Morris is careful not to generalize. He notes that you can ask a question of a raw-boned Caribbean fisherman and be answered by a voice direct from the platform of a London bus. He recommends Pittsburgh, the old Smoky City, to all despondent city-dwellers. San Francisco's culture is young and its bland sophistication only a "recent acquisition."

With his family Mr. Morris covered nearly seventy thousand miles. He found, on the whole, a splendid variety in American life; sprightly individualism and homely kindness; and a good deal of bold initiative. In the middle of much to admire it is clear that Mr. Morris found cause for alarm in the spread of the uniformity beloved by the man-in-the-street whom he labels as the Standard American. There is

delightful entertainment in *Coast to Coast* for those who know the United States and for others who have not visited them.

Reminiscences written by booksellers are usually very easy to read. Among the best of them is Mr. Percy Muir's *Minding My Own Business*. This is the story of the firm of Elkin Mathews, the antiquarian booksellers, which was founded by Charles Elkin Mathews and John Lane. The partners comprise a collection of originals. They have included A. W. Evans, who had been a curate and journalist, H. V. Marrot, Galsworthy's biographer, Greville Worthington, who collected gramophone records and vintage cars, and Eddie Gathorne-Hardy who had a habit of missing his train and then buying a car to take him to his destination, where he sold it.

Some of the customers appear, including Lytton Strachey, and the Sitwells. The two brothers, on one occasion, took down from the shelves all the first editions of their works, wrote in them flowery inscriptions to imaginary recipients, and then replaced them to be sold. Mr. Muir is a master of his subject. He writes urbanely and with charm. *Minding My Own Business* is a book which should please lovers of books and of biography.

A Mirror for Narcissus is the latest selection of Mr. Negley Farson's autobiography and it is as easy to read as is *The Way of a Transgressor*. The author, one of the most famous of all international newspaper correspondents, is a most endearing personality. Beginning in 1935 when he was broke and just about to write his most famous book in the mountains of Slovenia, he continues with the utmost cheerfulness to describe his varied life with the curious obsession for alcohol that beset him at frequent intervals.

In spite of his complete frankness Mr. Farson does not make the reason for this compulsion clear, though he writes about it without reserve. Fortunately this is only one aspect of a book which hurries the reader all over the world and puts him into touch with all kinds of famous and interesting people. From Arctic convoys to New York cats, Mr. Farson passes with considerable ease. That is because he is

a born story-teller, whose coloured career provides and will continue to provide enough material for his books as long as he cares to go on writing them.

A great deal of critical attention has been paid to young Mr. Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*, which he describes as an inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in the mid-twentieth century. Taking the view that the Outsider is the significant figure of our own times Mr. Wilson goes on to define him and afterwards consider him, giving as a typical portrait of an Outsider in contemporary literature, the hero of Barbusse's *L'Enfer*.

It is a most ambitious venture for a very young writer. Mr. Wilson is only twenty-four. There are naturally gaucheries and imperfectly argued conclusions due to the author's lack of knowledge and experience. These are faults that will be cured in a year or two. The nature and scope of *The Outsider* are remarkable in a first book. In spite of its merits—and they are noteworthy—I think *The Outsider* has been overpraised. I am glad to have read it and look forward to Mr. Wilson's novel which he is writing now. I believe that he may prove to be more of a creative writer than a philosophical critic. He is certainly something of a prodigy already.

Mr. C. Day Lewis and Mr. John Lehmann, joint editors of *The Chatto Book of Modern Poetry, 1915-1955*, have excluded American and other overseas poets from their anthology. Their aim has been to show the range and variety of the English poetry of the last forty years, emphasizing the work of the poets of outstanding achievement. It is an excellent selection but I cannot understand why the editors have ignored the work of Mr. Martyn Skinner, one of the very best of the living poets.

It would be churlish to omit from a July number mention of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack, 1956*. I think it touches a higher level than any of its predecessors. The information provided is fuller and there are more illustrations and special articles than ever before. It should keep any talkative cricketer quiet for hours.

ERIC GILLET.

SLESSOR'S STORY

THE CENTRAL BLUE. By Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. Cassell. 30s.

NO one has done more in recent years to try to spur public opinion into an awareness of the impact of modern weapons upon policy and strategy than Sir John Slessor. Nor is this a task he has set himself only recently. His first book, published twenty years ago, attempted, although on a more limited scale, to provide a similar stimulus to thought about the relationship of air power to armies. In his latest work, *The Central Blue*, an autobiographical study of the first thirty years of a career nearly forty years long in the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force, Sir John describes the experience upon which his thinking has always been so firmly based. Beginning as a junior officer in the Royal Flying Corps in 1915, Sir John eventually became Chief of the Air Staff in 1950, holding a very wide range of staff and operational appointments, both in this country and outside it, in between. By any standards, this is an important contribution to the history of the inter-war period and of the Second World War. Moreover, it is a very readable book. Sir John obviously enjoys writing, and makes his story live, because, while re-telling them, he himself lives again the episodes he describes.

The only disadvantage of his easy, racy style is that it sometimes encourages him to sacrifice strict chronological sequence for effect. In one place, for example (p. 149), the clear implication is that Mr. Eden was still in office in September, 1938.

It is not possible, in reviewing a book of this size, to do more than select some salient features. There is an excellent chapter on the rearmament years from 1934 to 1939. Here Sir John describes the pre-war expansion schemes of the R.A.F. in detail; indeed, in far more detail than that provided elsewhere so far. This is a more specialized account than that given in the official history of the Royal Air Force, since it deals almost

SLESSOR'S STORY

entirely with aircraft expansion schemes and the principles—or lack of them—on which those schemes were based: The “shop window-dressing” policy that insisted upon front line strength at the expense of reserves; the chase of the will-o'-the-wisp of “parity,” which nobody fully defined until everybody finally gave it up; the often haphazard settlement of claims as between different types of aircraft—all these are excitingly as well as carefully described.

Again, the chapters on Coastal Command and the Battle of the Atlantic are as gripping as any novel. Sir John himself was at Coastal Command in the critical year, 1943. Here is an excellent blend of technical detail and fighting episode, and all clearly set in that wider story of the war which, at this point, was so much determined by the course of the U-boat campaign. Some frank comments about our then Russian allies give to the account of the tragedy of Warsaw in August and September, 1944, a current relevance which might well be considered seriously by those who hope for changes behind the Iron Curtain in 1956. The changes will have to be radical ones if any good, in the Western sense, is to come of them.

What gives this book its distinctive quality is that the author is a man who, once he has made up his mind, holds to his opinions strongly and states them without hesitation. This can be a source of weakness as well as strength. Sir John is more concerned to present a case than to construct a complete analysis upon which his readers can make up their own minds. For example, he roundly condemns Mr. Hore-Belisha (as he then was) for the undoubted confusion caused by the sudden doubling of the Territorial Army and the announcement of conscription in the spring of 1939. But the real culprits in this affair were all those who, for years past and often for those same irrelevant financial reasons which look like vitiating our defence policy in 1956, had preached a strategy of “limited liability.” For years, as a result of this, the Army had been the “Cinderella” service. Yet a forward defensive zone on

the Continent had been made more, not less important, by the advent of air power. As early as the reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936, Gamelin had made it clear that the French Army would not move to the defence of Belgium unless supported by a British expeditionary force. After Munich Britain had, in addition, to fill the gap caused by the loss of the Czech divisions. Of course there was confusion in 1939. How could it be otherwise when our defence arrangements for years had been so unbalanced?

In his discussion of our present and future defence planning system, Sir John, again, puts up a strong case rather than a complete argument. It may be that, on the purely Service side, the Chiefs of Staff system “is about as good a method as could be devised for the higher direction of defence policy in this country.” Certainly it is that feature of our present organization with which he is mainly concerned; the political aspect of it is treated very much more briefly. But, in fact, this is primarily a political and therefore a Ministerial problem. Whatever Sir John may say about the Chiefs of Staff, the fact is that, in two world wars, this country has, at the Cabinet level, rejected the solution of making war by committee. That is the significance of the crisis of December, 1916, and of Mr. Churchill's taking over the post of Minister of Defence when he himself became Prime Minister in 1940. Both those changes, however, occurred after mistakes discovered during war itself. In future we can count on no such period of experiment. We must therefore now, in peace time, place the Minister of Defence in a position to devise a defence policy based strictly on military needs and endow him with the compulsive power to effect the inter-Departmental and inter-Service co-operation which the Prime Minister has previously exercised during war. The responsibilities of the Chiefs of Staff as joint advisers to the Minister and individual professional heads of their separate Departments, will then fall into proper perspective. If we spend our time either blaming or defending inter-Service

rivalries, this problem will never be solved.

Like any good strategist, Sir John Slessor would no doubt argue that it is for those who disagree with him to discover the weaknesses in his case. Of the strength and persuasiveness of his own arguments there can be no doubt. And those who are interested in the military history of the past thirty years or concerned with the formulation of defence plans for the future would do well to give this long work their careful consideration.

NORMAN GIBBS.

THE LANDED INTEREST

THE SQUIRE AND HIS RELATIONS. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc. Cassell. 42s.

We only know the last sad squires ride slowly
towards the sea,
And a new people takes the land: and still it
is not we.

ALTHOUGH those lines are often quoted, it is permissible to wonder exactly what G. K. Chesterton had in mind when he wrote them. The general idea of a new generation of rich men elbowing their way into covert and woodland, into the charmed society of "the tally-hos," is clear enough, but why the sad squires, like King Arthur, journeyed to the sea seems to be less intelligible. I have always liked to fancy that Chesterton meant that the squires, afflicted with poverty, exchanged their broad acres for a villa by the seaside, gave up chatting to keepers and farmers and strolled along the front at Torquay in a gay boater, gave up shooting at high pheasants and took to stances before the coloured ball on the croquet courts at Budleigh Salterton. No doubt, in certain cases, that happened, and, as Mr. Wingfield, in his informative and agreeable book, reminds us, this was the theme of R. B. Martineau's famous painting in 1862, "The Last Day in the Old Home." Yet on the whole it is a tribute to the unbending strength of the

traditions of the English countryside that the new recruits, the *nouveaux riches* (to lapse into a favoured idiom of Edwardian times), have been easily absorbed and have in fact conformed. Although the idea of rich men buying up estates and their consequent behaviour has provided a rich vein for novelists and writers for *Punch* in former days, the amusing scenes to which this situation gave rise would seem to rest rather in imagination than in reality. The neighbours of the newcomer, with something of the civility of boys at school, have done their best to avoid an embarrassing scene which might develop through ignorance of the conventions. The changes in the countryside are less attributable to new men and new money than to the general alteration in the behaviour of the nation.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, a few years ago, wrote an excellent book about his grandfather, Mr. Edward Bligh, a Victorian squire-cum-parson. Through this source he has acquired some amusing material, and he quotes this extract from the speech of a Kentish vicar referring to the lady of the manor: "God has appointed from the very first, that there should be different grades of society, high and low, rich and poor: and it is not for the rich to boast or the poor to complain. . . . Let us cheerfully accept the position He has assigned us and be thankful for His mercies (Hear, Hear)." Who would dare to-day to applaud their vicar if he embarked on such a theme?

The weak part of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's book—though it is explained by the lack of material easily available—lies in his failure to bring out the squirearchy as a class. His book really concerns the land-owning class, and he does not seem to distinguish between the nobility and the squires—between say the Duke of Bedford and Lord George Bentinck on the one hand and say Mr. Custance—the amiable squire familiar to readers of *Parson Woodford*. The point is not merely one of snobbery, but of substance. The interests of the large landlord were only in part rural, they were often primarily metropolitan. The smaller squires were,

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Cousins and Strangers

*Comments on
America
by Commonwealth
Fund Fellows
from Britain
1946-1952*

EDITED BY

S. GORLEY PUTT

Americans are accustomed to travellers who comment on their virtues and faults, their growing pains and achievements. The illustrious list ranges from de Tocqueville and Harriet Martineau to D. W. Brogan and Simone de Beauvoir. *Cousins and Strangers* belongs to that tradition, but is novel in that it was written, with no intention of publication, by young men and women who have yet to make their mark on the world—Fellows of the Commonwealth Fund working in American universities.

The Fellows are graduates of British universities, civil servants, journalists and others. They spend one or two academic years at an American university or similar institution, and they travel in the United States, then submitting informal reports on their work and impressions. This book is an anthology taken from those reports, and contains revealing and cogent assessments of higher education in America and of that indefinable web, holding a nation together, which can only be called 'the American way of life'.

28s. net

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Oxford University Press

The Landed Interest

on the other hand, absorbed by their country possessions and interests, and their horizon was often only enlarged by a winter in an agreeable house in their local country town. These gentlemen, though they were certainly not wholly bad, cause a faint blush of shame in the countenance of any Liberal-minded person considering them. That is why the strictures of the Hammonds, which are not to the fancy of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, are likely to be thought just by the future. The resources of this class were often too slender to support their estates and they strove to carry out the motto, "What I have I hold," by all kinds of worthless devices and tyrannies. That is why the word Tory, even in 1956, often conjures up a deeper sense of wrong and injury in the countryside than even in the shipyards of Northern England. But Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is, like the best type of squire, a courteous and unpolemical opponent and readers of his book need have no fear that he exaggerates his case for the landed gentry or that he is unmindful of the harsher features behind the jolly mask.

ROGER FULFORD.

Novels

DISQUIET AND PEACE. William Cooper.
Macmillan. 15s.

A MOST CONTAGIOUS GAME. Samuel Grafton. *Hart-Davis.* 12s. 6d.

THE SHORN SHADOW. Peter de Polnay.
Allen. 12s. 6d.

MY OLD MAN'S A DUSTMAN. Wolf Mankowitz. *Deutsh.* 10s. 6d.

SPRING LIST. Ralph Arnold. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

DEATH OF A BOOKSELLER. Bernard J. Farmer. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

ONE MAN'S POISON. Sebastian Fox.
Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

THE Liberals have come to power with the landslide of 1906. Arnold Brown, whose marriage has united two great Liberal families, is on the brink of political advancement, for he is a gifted man. But his wife Muriel's qualities, admirable as

many of them are (*Disquiet and Peace* is no story of perfectionism), prove a barrier; and what at first the reader may expect to be essentially a political affair becomes a keen study of character and its effect upon marriage. This is focused against a political background and shown in an Edwardian setting—with the setting perhaps the most convincing part of an excellent book. Or ought one to question whether some of the conduct of the principals could, however rational it seems to-day and however in keeping with character (especially in view of Arnold's capacity for devotion), have occurred in the London society of half a century ago? But in any case this intelligent novel, apart from its intrinsic interest, brings home the extent of the revolution through which some of us have lived and I suppose are still living.

William Cooper's *disquiet* seems tranquil enough beside *A Most Contagious Game*: in which an American journalist is secretly assigned to report the underworld of New York. His introduction to it is violent. Then he begins to merge himself in it till he is a part of it and in great danger. So far the story has moved from the possibly humorous through the melodramatic to the exciting and moving, with most plausible presentation of underworld character and ethics. Now the hero, Dan Lewis, with the editor who gave him the assignment dead, has to extricate himself not only from the perils of his objective situation but also from his own criminality. If Samuel Grafton does not quite "bring off" his ending, it is, I think, because in his book's earlier phases he lays too little stress on Dan's character as distinct from his calling. None the less, whatever I felt about the book's ending, I was sorry to reach its end.

What a change to meet a bullfighter story in which there is not a surplus of "death in the afternoon", even though the shadow is always there. Peter de Polnay seems to understand Spaniards in general, and makes his hero a convincing and entertaining character—a superb matador who decides to abandon his fabulous career in mid-course. The author transports him across the Channel, and

*A story of a journey
in the inner Himalayas*

G. D. KHOSLA

Himalayan Circuit

"I hope the book will bring some breath of the inner Himalayas and of a strange land to the unfortunate people who always live in the plains below and know little of the joys and risks and dangers of the high mountains." Extract from foreword by Pandit Nehru. 16 plates. 18s.

To be published in July

L. E. JONES

An Edwardian Youth

"Further volumes of his memoirs will be demanded by those who like to be charmed, amused, enlightened and provoked," said the *Sunday Times* of Sir Lawrence Jones's *A Victorian Boyhood*. Its successor, *An Edwardian Youth*, can be recommended to anyone with a lively sense of the past. 18s.

**RICHARD
BARKELEY**

The Empress Frederick

Daughter of Queen Victoria

With the exception of Marie Antoinette and the last Tsarina, the Empress Frederick is the most sorrowful figure among the women who have occupied a modern throne. With a foreword by Dr. G. P. Gooch. 8 plates. 30s.

★ **MACMILLAN** ★

with keen and twinkling eye shows us such things as our licensing laws and some differences between Spanish and English womanhood. Miguelito, I should explain, was much influenced in youth by an Englishwoman; his knowledge of English combines with his respect for the R.S.P.C.A. to make him choose England as his refuge. But he is Spanish through and through, and it is this rather than the efforts of his former associates (Spanish mistress included) that finally takes him *plus* English wife—but I must not spoil for you the vigorous climax of *The Shorn Shadow*.

A disused municipal garbage-dump; Old Cock, its watchman, and his bomb-shocked Achates, Arp; the transient incursion of a film company; the—to Old Cock—luscious canteen-manageress; and the vindictive Council official who is determined to have Old Cock declared redundant: these are the main ingredients of *My Old Man's a Dustman*. This rum-bustious book is a rich mixture stirred by Wolf Mankowitz with great skill and gusto. It is almost surprising how vividly the old-soldier-scrounger (and the others too) emerges from a style so coruscating with ornament baroque or surrealist, clean or latrine, rhetorical or poetical: emerges solid and fleshily real. Wolf Mankowitz belongs to to-day, but his creatures, notably his Falstaffian, Cockney Old Cock, are surely timeless.

Ralph Arnold's extravaganza, *Spring List*, is meant (and it succeeds) to provoke smiles rather than guffaws. It tells of the competition between two publishing houses to secure the war diary of a colourful but elusive General. The hunt involves the staidish Lynsted in particular in a tricky relationship with the soldier's alluring wife Diana, his own childhood friend; who has herself a "thriller" to offer. Further complications spring from the fact that Sligo, the rival, publishes the best-sellers written by Lynsted's wife, and that the unscrupulous writer Cobham (on whose side is he?) is Diana's country-neighbour. So far as I know, neither publishers nor authors in real life behave in the Arnold way; more's the pity per-

haps, since here their manœuvres provide amusement in abundance before the curtain falls on a Lynsted triumphant rather beyond his deserts.

There is nothing frivolous about the *Death of a Bookseller*—only the second crime novel that I have met over many years in which the trade in rare books plays a central role. Bernard Farmer, we are told, used to be a policeman. This no doubt is why his detection is quiet and sensible. His plot is tidy and plausible, with sufficient suspects who seem quite capable of murder, if none was able to move me to care very much who would be found the murderer.

No one could wish anything but well to whoever killed Randolph Newington—conceited, mean, a womanizer, a rank hypocrite, yet also—improbably?—a vastly popular broadcaster. The other characters in *One Man's Poison* (again, though for a different reason, there are plenty of likely suspects) are more convincing than Newington because they are mixtures of pleasant and unpleasant, even in cases where Sebastian Fox—a welcome recruit to the crime squad—must have been tempted to keep the party wholly clean. The death-problem is solved by a family solicitor and a Chief Inspector, and the loose ends are neatly tied up. Or all but one; I am not convinced that Newington would have done the thing which in fact led directly to his demise.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE later work of James Joyce provides a rich field for the critic. In *Dublin's Joyce* (Chatto and Windus, 25s.) Mr. Hugh Kenner advances his theory of Joyce's work. He believes that Joyce's writings derive from and are a criticism of pre-1920 Dublin civilization.

* * *

The Life of Ludwig Mond (Methuen, 22s. 6d.) by J. M. Cohen is the story of a great scientific industrialist who applied continental methods to British industry

Books in Brief

with great success. Late in life Mond hit upon a new process for refining aluminium.

* * *

In *My Best Games of Chess* (Bell, 21s.) Mr. Golombek has assembled the pick of Tartakower's games and positions during the years 1931-1954. It is a tribute to a remarkable master.

* * *

The story of a naval captain who did more than any one else to win the Battle of the Atlantic is told in *Walker R.N.* (Evans, 16s.) by Terence Robertson. Capt. F. J. Walker was awarded the C.B. and also the D.S.O. with three Bars. Before the war he had been passed over for promotion to Captain, and he died before his work had been completed. His record is beyond comparison.

* * *

The earlier life of *Saint Ignatius Loyola* (Burns and Oates, 30s.) is the subject of a new biography by Father James Brodrick. The transformation of a wordly Spanish hidalgo into a great mystic is well told. The illustrations, some in colour, are admirable.

* * *

The third volume of Sir Harry Luke's autobiography, *Cities and Men, 1924-1954* (Bless, 25s.), carries the writer up to his seventieth year and as far afield as West Africa, Palestine, Malta, the Pacific, and the Caribbean. Excellent reminiscences, as are '*We*' and '*Me*' (W. H. Allen, 21s.), the memories of four editors under whom Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott worked. They were J. A. Spender, Edmund Garrett, H. W. Massingham, and Ernest Parke.

* * *

Well written, scholarly, always entertaining to read, Miss Nina Epton's *Grapes and Granite (in Spanish Galicia)* (Cassell, 21s.) is worthy to rank with her *Valley of Pyrene*. She is among the very best of contemporary writers of travel books. Mr. S. P. B. Mais's *Majorcan Holiday* (Redman, 15s.) is much less ambitious, but it is informative

EUROPA MINOR

Journeys in Coastal Turkey

LORD KINROSS

Author of '*Within the Taurus*'

The plateau of Anatolia inside the encircling barrier of the Taurus is essentially Asia Minor, geographically an outpost of Asia. Its coastal lands '*Without the Taurus*' whose formative influences have come largely from the West are rather '*Europa Minor*', geographically a farther shore of Europe. Lord Kinross travelled extensively in these coastal lands, mostly alone, as chance and opportunity directed. His excellent book, satisfactorily complementary to *Within the Taurus*, brings the contrasts of past and present vividly to the reader.

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THEIR FIRST TEN YEARS

MARION LOCHHEAD

Author of '*John Gibson Lockhart*'

This picture of nursery life takes the early, mid and late Victorian eras in turn. The author compares the nursery customs of these periods, and has discovered many fascinating details of that somewhat spartan nursery life. Here from family annals, from letters, and the works of authors of the period we are told how infants were doctored, pleased and disciplined, and generally prepared for the rigours and joys of the world ahead of them.

With Illustrations 21s net

JOHN MURRAY

and enthusiastic. "I have found," he writes, "my El Dorado."

* * *

Mr. William Younger and his wife have written *Blue Moon in Portugal* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.) with the idea of giving a comprehensive survey of the country and its people and customs. Well illustrated, with useful appendices, it is a most useful book for the tourist.

* * *

Sir Kenelm Digby (Cape, 25s.) has rightly been called one of the best "all rounders" of the 17th century. Mr. Robert T. Petersson's well-documented biography does justice to him.

* * *

Golding Bright was Bernard Shaw's play agent. The letters in *Advice to a Young Critic* (Owen, 16s.) are mostly about theatrical business. In them Shaw

reveals what an excellent man of affairs he was. The same publisher has also brought out a new version of the *Confucian Analects* (16s.) translated by Ezra Pound, with a short introductory note.

* * *

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners (Deutsch, 15s.) by the "New Yorker" writer, Robert Shaplen, is the lively story of the love affair between Henry Ward Beecher and one of his parishioners. As funny as it is unedifying.

* * *

Richard Austen Butler, by Francis Boyd (Rockliff, 15s.), deserves to be read by all who are interested in current politics. It is the measure of Mr. Boyd's success that he has provided the material for those who would form a much less favourable opinion of Mr. Butler's past career and future prospects than he has evidently formed himself. In other words, he has not loaded the dice. His essay is a valid commentary on a curious and important public figure.

* * *

The substance of *Southern Africa: Today and Yesterday*, by A. W. Wells (Dent, 30s.), was written in 1939 as a guidebook. The publishers of this revised and expanded edition seem to have hoped they could thus transform it into everybody's answer to the problem of knowing everything about Southern Africa. The author ingenuously acknowledges his debt to "every town clerk . . . and publicity official" in the area. As a guidebook it is comprehensive in range and well indexed, but its incursions into archaeology, history and politics are not to be taken seriously. And thirty shillings seems a lot to pay to learn, for instance, that Zomba, the capital of Nyasaland "has a Government House", or that countries with "entirely different climates" also have "entirely different vegetation". But Mr. Wells is full of surprises: Africans within the Union are "natives"; beyond it they become the "Bantus". It is less surprising to learn that earlier in his life Mr. Wells spent thirty years in South Africa. E. G.

The Squire and his Relations

E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

The author tells the history of the English squire from the formation of squirearchy in the time of Chaucer, to his virtual extinction in the present century. "This is historical writing at its very best; full and accurate, and with delightful touches of urbane humour. It is a book destined, surely, to become a classic. Certainly it will prove an inexhaustible quarry for all future historians."—*Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, Birmingham Post.*
428 pages, illustrated, 42/- net.

CASELL

Financial

MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

THE four weeks under review have had some sombre and some almost gay excitements in the stock markets. Among the former was the sudden illness of President Eisenhower, which naturally caused widespread anxiety among the American people, and gloom amongst his supporters. The American market was trying to achieve stability after the chaotic uncertainties following the sharp recession in the motor industry, and the news of the President's operation completely disrupted the struggling attempt to get out of the slough. At first the market plunged so far that the Dow Jones Industrial Index was at one time ten points down, on June 8, but it recovered to 475.29, which was 7.7 points down. Losses ranged to \$4.

At the end of May a warning came to

holders of industrial shares when a rise of 8 per cent. in coal prices was announced. This meant that £8 million would be added to the annual fuel bill of the steel industry, and an increase of £35 million to the Coal Board's receipts. These increases will have to be borne by the consumers of coal and steel, and the increase in their costs will presumably be passed on to the public. This further turn of the inflationary screw caused concern in Governmental circles, where the Prime Minister was holding meeting after meeting with "all the interests concerned," and in an attempt to shield the public the Area Boards were subsequently told that they must not increase electricity and coal charges any further this year. The effect on heavy industry costs were noted by the market, since increases must be met

"You wouldn't think I was a customer of the Westminster Bank, would you? I'm not really, I suppose. But Dad made something called a Trust—I'm not quite sure about the details. Anyway, the Westminster Bank looks after the money and pays my school fees and arranges about my pocket money and all that sort of thing. I must say they're jolly decent about everything. I go and see the man at the Bank sometimes, in fact we're pretty friendly really. He seems to take an interest in me, if you know what I mean—makes a fellow feel sort of comfortable . . ."



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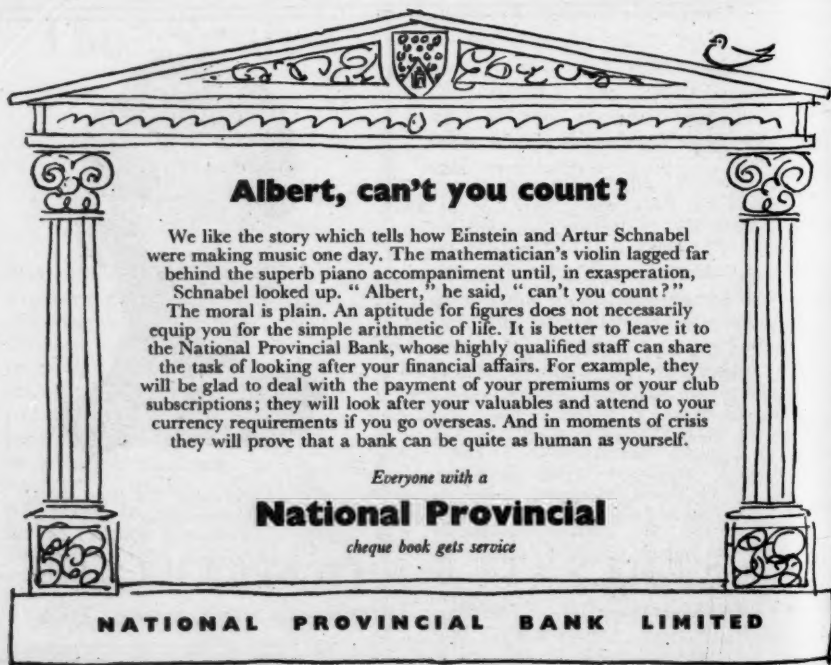
A few days after the Coal Board announcement the Prime Minister emphasized, in a speech, that increased competition in export markets was a threat to the nation's existence. At the same moment the truth of his remarks must have been uppermost in the minds of many workers in the Midlands, where the B.S.A. Company were forced to dismiss many workers because of the recession in the motor-cycle trade. A deterioration in the stock markets reflected the uncertainty about the future.

A few days later, it should be recorded, the Index of Government Securities fell to the lowest point recorded—84.49—and War Loan achieved the new low record of 69½. The May gold and dollar reserves were actually better, though special factors robbed the improvement of any cause for optimism. There was an addition of \$41 million, to \$2,639 million, against April's \$51 million, and \$67 million in March. The reserves have

increased \$249 million in the first five months compared with the decrease of \$76 million recorded for the same period last year. The position is therefore improving, but so slowly that investors must share the Chancellor's anxiety about the future.

A rather surprising fact about the motor-car trade is noteworthy. In May hire-purchase sales increased sharply, showing a much more than seasonal rise compared with April. Indeed, they recovered to the same high level as a year ago. Nevertheless, a recession is expected in the autumn, and holders of shares of car distributing firms will remain anxious about next year's dividend levels.

Early in June the City was galvanized by an announcement which caused great excitement, which, if not properly called gay, was not sombre. This was the statement by the Chairman of Trinidad Oil (formerly Trinidad Leaseholds) that the Texas Oil Co. had made a bid for the capital of his company amounting to about £63 million, or 80s. 3d. per share. The



Albert, can't you count?

We like the story which tells how Einstein and Artur Schnabel were making music one day. The mathematician's violin lagged far behind the superb piano accompaniment until, in exasperation, Schnabel looked up. "Albert," he said, "can't you count?"

The moral is plain. An aptitude for figures does not necessarily equip you for the simple arithmetic of life. It is better to leave it to the National Provincial Bank, whose highly qualified staff can share the task of looking after your financial affairs. For example, they will be glad to deal with the payment of your premiums or your club subscriptions; they will look after your valuables and attend to your currency requirements if you go overseas. And in moments of crisis they will prove that a bank can be quite as human as yourself.

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MARKET REVIEW

market quotation at the close of business the previous day had been 41s. 6d. So large was the sum involved, and so important were the implications, that the editors of the daily papers headlined the news. Thereafter the ordinary citizen followed the repercussions as closely as City men, and as soon as the implications were raised in the House of Commons the political clashes were daily recorded.

The immediate market reaction was to mark the shares up to slightly over the 70s. mark. After a brief advance from there the price declined sharply as the clamour to forbid the deal grew louder. The Chancellor wisely said he must consider all the aspects of the offer and was in touch with the Government of Trinidad, whose opinion on the possible effects on the island he must weigh with other important considerations. The shares dipped to the middle sixties before opinion began to harden that the Cabinet would permit the deal "subject to certain safeguards." By the time the Chancellor announced that the terms satisfied the Government, the shares had moved to about 72s. 6d.—73s. 6d. and there was "not much more to go for." Those who cared to buy on a certainty at 73s. 6d., however, could get 5 per cent. tax free by the time the "pay out" comes in September, which is at the rate of 20 per cent. tax free per annum. Attractive terms to those who had the capital waiting for the "certainty" it would be paid.

The effect of this successful bid on the market was to induce a measure of optimism, particularly in oil shares. The argument was that £63 million would eventually come to the market, and as holders of Trinidad oil shares would probably want to stay in oil, there would be a substantial reinforcement to the buying of the leading shares in that market. A brisk business in the favourites developed and prices rose steadily.

As we go to press the gilt-edged market is slightly better, due to deliberate "grooming" by the Government, according to cynics in the market, and most industrial issues are weak, or neglected. The Chancellor has just announced that

he will give some tax concessions in his next Budget to those companies whose income is earned abroad, and this has brightened the market in some of the stocks that would be affected. The formidable taxation due to the U.K. Government has long been a grievance with those companies who are domiciled here, but whose operations are abroad, and the promise of the concession was widely welcomed.

Mr. Eisenhower's health is improving, and Wall Street is recovering. The investing public is anxious for reassurance, both in America and here; but investors, particularly the Institutions, are walking warily. If a strong upward movement began it could go fast because there is not a large supply of stock on the market; but uncertainty restricts business, and there are many uncertainties in industry and international relations at the moment.

LOMBARDO.

Bernard Shaw

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ST. JOHN ERVINE

To celebrate Shaw's centenary we are publishing a book which those who knew the great dramatist will agree is the book about Shaw which had, above all others, to be written. Ervine was Shaw's close friend for forty years. He has had access to important unpublished material, including Shaw's diaries. He has written an outstanding life of an outstanding man.

26th July Roy. 8vo. Illus. 50s.

—Constable—

Motoring

A HIGH-PERFORMANCE LIGHT CAR

THE SUNBEAM 'RAPIER'

By THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

AHANDY, compact little car, which is also uncommonly fast: this, perhaps, is the best "potted" description which can be given of the new Sunbeam "Rapier". Much must be added, however, if one is to do justice to the ingenuity which the makers have shown in giving a really high road performance to a four-seater saloon with an engine of less than 1400 c.c. When, with a power unit of such modest size, the driver is enabled with equal facility either to potter through suburban streets, or to eat up the miles on a main road at a rate of 80 m.p.h., one has to

recognize, and should applaud, an unusual feat on the part of the team of designers.

How has it been done? One may point to the high efficiency of the small, square (3-in. bore by 3-in. stroke) overhead-valve engine. Equally, one may observe the small size and the lightness of the car as a whole, despite the fact that it can take two large and two small adults, with a commendable amount of luggage. The power-weight ratio is therefore good; yet there is one other factor which, to my mind, is more valuable still.

I would say that, of all the cars which I have so far driven, this Sunbeam makes the most intelligent use of modern invention in the realm of trouble-free gear changing. It is remarkable, when one comes to think of it, that car designers hitherto have used synchromesh (and the many other kindred devices) mainly as a means of turning out the same old gearbox in a new and fool-proof form. Some, it is true, have incorporated overdrive gears; but very few seem to have said to themselves: "See now, we have these inventions which make any gear change possible, even to the most mediocre of drivers. Let us grasp this opportunity to think afresh as to how many gears, and what gears, a car should ideally have."

It seems to me that the Sunbeam designers have said just this to themselves—and the answer which they have provided is most interesting. Out of six ratios (four supplied by a normal, synchromesh gearbox and two by a Laycock-de Normanville overdrive unit), one is an emergency first gear which will hardly ever be needed. There is a low second gear for normal starting, and a fairly low third which is well suited to urban traffic conditions.

The New

E. M. FORSTER

MARIANNE THORNTON

Of this biography of Mr. Forster's great-aunt, who was born in 1797, lived to be 90, and was the hub of a large family and circle of gifted friends, *The Times* wrote: "In generations to come, readers and students will approach this book to find out something about the genius of E. M. Forster. They will do so. But, if they have any feeling for character at all, they will stay to admire, and acquire an affection for, Marianne Thornton."

215. net

EDWARD ARNOLD

If, however, one breaks away from the traffic in this gear, with an open road ahead, one may then flick a switch on the instrument panel to bring in the overdrive, when the car changes at once into a very nice, high third gear of about 6 to 1 ratio. At about 40 m.p.h., one may conveniently change again into the overdrive top gear of about 4 to 1. This is a most pleasant gear, in which the Sunbeam "Rapier" will cruise at 60 m.p.h. with no fuss at all, and with perhaps another 20 m.p.h. in hand.

An alternative technique, of course, is to make one's getaway in normal third gear, and to change thence into normal "top". This fairly low gear may be held until 40 or 45 m.p.h. is reached, and the change into overdrive top gear then made. A very agreeable feature is that the driver may use the one method or the other, according to preference. He is not asked to exercise skill (which, after all, some of us lack): he is, however, invited to use his own judgment—a compliment which most of us will accept with gratitude.

I should like to drive this car in mountainous country, so as to confirm my view that equally happy choices are open to the driver as he changes down. Not having done so, I merely express my belief that one could make remarkably good time on a mountain pass by alternating, on the overdrive switch, between the normal and the high third gears.

If this is the Sunbeam's best feature, it may be timely to mention the worst. For someone of my stature (6 ft. 0½ in.), the accelerator pedal is a sad thing; for it compels a foot movement more or less up-and-down, and this very quickly causes cramp in the anterior tibial muscle. It would certainly be necessary for me to have the car modified, if I wished to drive it for any long distance.

Having awarded zero marks to this control, however, there is much else which may be praised: The independent front springs have a "sway eliminator" in torsion bar form, and this is a valuable asset. The modern system of front springing is often disgustingly sloppy and floppy; but the Sunbeam front springing is not. With comfort, it gives reasonable

BLOOD ROYAL



All about royalty from ancient Egypt till tomorrow with wit and colour on every page.

by IAIN MONCREIFFE
and DON POTTINGER

12s 6d

The Dark Ages

W. P. KER. '... an appreciation of the beginnings of European vernacular literature, placed against the entire background of the secular tradition by a scholar who was master of the whole of that literature, in many languages, from Homer to Robert Bridges!' *The Times*. 15s

Gondal's Queen

EMILY BRONTË. Fannie E. Ratchford presents a cycle of eighty-four poems by Emily Brontë arranged for the first time in logical sequence, to recreate the 'novel in verse' which she wrote about her mystical kingdom of Gondal and its ruler, Augusta Geraldine Almeda. 18s

NELSON

firmness—and this, combined with light steering which is not too low geared, gives the driver an agreeable sense of confidence. A small point, but another excellent one: the speedometer tells one the literal truth.

Bearing in mind its performance, the Sunbeam Rapier is by no means unreasonably priced at £695, to which however some £350 must be added for Purchase Tax. In round figures, the buyer needs 1,000 guineas, and will receive a little change.

CARDIGAN.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

SIR ADRIAN BOULT, conducting the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra (a title that need deceive no one),

"MR. FRANCE" ESCAPES . . .

THE PURSUIT OF FREEDOM

A Chapter of Autobiography by

Pierre Mendès-France

Here is the full account of the events that led up to, and the facts of his wartime escape from imprisonment. Arrested by the Vichy Government on farcically trumped-up charges, Pierre Mendès-France was sentenced to six years imprisonment with the deprivation of all rights and rank. . . . But this was not a man to sit down in defeat. The careful planning and brilliant execution of his escape to rejoin the Allied cause is a wartime story that *has* to be read. *Just published. 18s. net*

LONGMANS

gives very fine performances of Brahms's First Symphony (C minor) and Tragic Overture on Nixa NCL16000. Sir Adrian understands Brahms as few other conductors do, and in face of eleven competitive records I have no hesitation in putting this disc at the top. From the start of the first movement, when the music like a great ship battles into the storm, to the close of the work, when it comes triumphantly into harbour, the conductor's impulse never falters and the slow movement has great lyrical beauty. The *Tragic Overture*, which the composer thought the greatest of his orchestral movements, is no less good. Sir Adrian makes one understand the significance of the title, which the music often appears to contradict. Playing and recording are very good. Oiseau-Lyre continue their series of early Mozart symphonies with Nos. 8 to 11 (K.48-73-74-84) played by the company's Ensemble Orchestral under Louis de Froment (OL50119). Of these little works K.74 (No. 10, G Major) is certainly the best and most original, but there are attractive movements in the rest even if, as a whole, they are not up to the same standard. The playing is in excellent style, and the recording good.

Arthur Grumiaux, with the Guller Chamber Orchestra gives performances of Bach's E Major and A Minor Violin Concertos which are more warm-hearted than those by the impeturbable, if more dazzling, Heifetz (H.M.V. BLP1070) and more even in tempo. Balance and recording are excellent (Philips NBR 6032). This more personal feeling comes strongly into Backhaus's performance of Mozart's B Flat Piano Concerto (K.595), with which is coupled the A Major Piano Sonata (K.331).

Mozart playing is sometimes, to-day, apt to be rather smothered in "good taste." Backhaus is not at all inhibited in this way and gives a free and expansive reading of the work that I much liked. He is beautifully accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Böhm. His playing of the much loved Sonata is also most attractive and

Record Review

the recording is first rate (Decca LXT5123).

It is always interesting to hear a front-rank pianist play one of the very popular concertos. He may appear to condescend or he may approach the work as if it had just been written, and was worthy of his best powers. This latter view is taken by Clifford Curzon in his performance of Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto, finely accompanied by Sir Adrian Boult and the L.P.O. which surpasses in musical feeling and clarity any other that I have heard (Decca LXT5178).

The same orchestra, conducted by the composer, gives us Sir Arthur Bliss's Violin Concerto (commissioned by the B.B.C.) with Campoli (to whom it is dedicated) the soloist, as at the first performance in May, 1955.

Superbly played and recorded, the music has a full measure of Bliss's inherent vitality and there are many appealing lyrical sections. It deserves to take a regular place in the repertory. Campoli's performance fills me with admiration. As a fill-up there is the composer's charming Theme and Cadenza for Solo Violin and Orchestra (Decca LXT5166).

Also recommended. Elgar's "In the South" Overture and *Nursery Suite* played by the L.P.O. under Sir Adrian Boult on H.M.V. ALP1359. Of the Overture Elgar said "I love it: it's alive!"; and so it is. The Suite, composed for the then Princess Elizabeth and her sister, is full of enchanting music. Orchestral Concert by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra, consisting of *Danza Española* (Fallá), *Habañera* (Chabrier) *Gopak* (Moussorgsky), *Clair de Lune* and *Marche Ecossaise* (Debussy): a very attractive box of bon-bons (Decca LW5234).

Chamber Music

At last performances of Bach's four orchestral suites that can be recommended, even if not uniformly successful—the Air from the D Major is insensitively played, for example, and the trumpets in the two last Suites are badly balanced with the rest of the orchestra (Ducretet-Thompson, DTL93073-4).

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For details of the many other fine Decca first recordings made by Hilde Gueden, please consult the Decca-group microgroove catalogues and supplements.

* Decca libretti with line-by-line literal English prose translations are available for these recordings (in the case of *Der Rosenkavalier* this includes a thematic index), and are in preparation for the others. New booklets as published are listed in the complete index of Decca booklets given at the back of most Decca monthly supplements.



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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Instrumental

Julius Katchen has shown himself one of the finest interpreters of Beethoven now before the public, and in the "Appassionata" Sonata and the C Minor, Op. 111, he is at his very best. This is playing deeply felt and enormously satisfying, especially in the great C Minor of which he makes, as one of my colleagues has remarked, "a profound spiritual experience." The recording, fortunately, is worthy of the magnificent playing (Decca LXT5187).

Horowitz's performances of three sonatas by Clementi should make us take a different view of a neglected master, who was (and evidently rightly) very highly regarded by Beethoven. This is fine and continuously interesting music, played with all of Horowitz's amazing command of the keyboard (H.M.V. ALP1340).

Also recommended. Four of Haydn's neglected piano sonatas (No. 20, C minor; 31, E major; 40, G major; 46, A flat major) delightfully played by Kathleen Long and very well recorded (Decca LXT5144).

Choral

Another splendid Toscanini disc, a recording of a performance broadcast on March 14, 1954, has on it Verdi's fine *Te Deum* (the manuscript of which he asked to be put under his pillow when his last hour came) and the *Prologue* from Boito's *Mefistofele* with Nicolo Moscona, in the name part, the Robert Shaw Chorale and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. The choral sounds are amazingly well recorded. It is moving to recall that Toscanini conducted the first performance of the *Te Deum* in 1898 and now does so with undiminished fire and with the deepened experience of fifty-eight years. A wonderful record (H.M.V. ALP1363).

Song

Decca deserve all praise for paying attention to the neglected field of English song. They now give us Vaughan Williams's song cycle *On Wenlock Edge*,

(the poems from *A Shropshire Lad*) excellently sung by George Maran and well accompanied by the London String quartet, and Ivor Newton at the piano (Decca LW5233), and the third volume of *An Anthology of English Song* in which Peter Pears, accompanied by Benjamin Britten, sings songs by Butterworth, Ireland, Moeran, Warlock, Holst, Berkeley, Britten, and Oldham (Decca LW5241). The Pears-Britten team is unequalled and they excel themselves in these well-chosen songs. Pears's words are beautifully clear. Where are the two previous volumes of this *Anthology*? Let us hope they may soon be issued.

Opera

Decca's recording of Strauss's opera *The Woman without a Shadow* (a great venture) and other operatic discs, will be reviewed next month.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

MR. EISENHOWER has been prevailed upon to run for a second term as President of the United States. Words fail us to express our disgust at the iniquity and folly of this decision. The President himself, attending a conference at Panama, is reported to have said: "I don't have much strength, but I keep going." If civilization keeps going during the next four years or so, it will not be the Republicans' fault.

Irresponsibility about Defence

BRITISH political parties have recently been competing against each other in irresponsibility on the subject of Defence. First, Sir Anthony Eden vaguely suggested, in a television broadcast early this year, that it might before too long be possible to dispense with National Service. He was presumably counting on a disarmament agreement between East and West, and more still on the supposed boost to regular recruitment which would result from the Service pay increases granted at the end of February. We said at the time that it was most unlikely the Englishman's rooted distaste for military service could be overcome by a bribe, especially in conditions of full employment; and there is now every indication that this scepticism was justified. Anyway, the Government has had to reaffirm its intention to maintain the call-up.

This has given the Socialists an opportunity for cheap political gain at the nation's expense which, under their present leadership, they could hardly be expected to resist. They have announced that they would abolish National Service after 1958. This means, in effect, that they would abolish the British Army, because without conscription it would have neither the minimum strength required to fulfil its commitments, nor the necessary supply of young officers and N.C.Os. In next month's issue we shall be giving detailed attention to the problems of defence. Meanwhile we must protest very strongly at the way this matter is being treated, in particular by the Labour Party. Gambling with Premium Bonds is anathema to the Socialists, even though the capital invested is secure; but they do not mind gambling with the nation's means of survival, though on their terms there would be no security whatever.

Support Costs: British Government Outmanœuvred

IT is quite obvious that the British Government has allowed itself to be completely outmanœuvred by the Federal German Government over the support costs of our troops in Germany. Hard as Sir Walter Monckton tried

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